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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Crockford-House, a Rhapsody: in Two Cantos. A Rhyme in Rome. 12mo. pp. 147. London, 1827. J. Murray.

This volume is ascribed to the pen of Mr. Luttrell, and does not detract from the high character for wit, fancy, and knowledge of the world which belongs to the author of the *Letter to Julia*. We anticipated, perhaps, a more humorous or biting satire, but we are not disappointed at finding the poet, like his subject, playful. Why he has adopted his course and style, and why he has moderated his temper, is pleasantly stated in a sort of peroration—

"Mute, the rambling course we've run
Might be lengthened, but I've done
Gently, as I hope, my task;—
And if sterner critics ask,
Dessing, in a case like this,
Whips and scorpions not amiss,
Why I have not thought it fitter
For my purpose to be blither;
Have not opened every sluice
Of all possible abuse
(Since good comedy thrown away)
On the votaries of play—
Hear my answer. Nought reclaims
People less than calling names,
Be it with the pen or tongue,
Be it written, said, or sung.
Blame, could say vice or failing
Have been rooted out by railing,
We, though men in outward show,
Had been angels long ago."

There is reason as well as rhyme in this; but we must turn to Crockford-house and its hero, for the edification of our readers.

Near the top of St. James's Street there has rapidly risen one of the largest and most splendid edifices in the metropolis—a place, the probable cost of which in building and furnishing may be about fifty thousand pounds. It is a melancholy thing to say, that it is notoriously preparing for a Gambling House or Hell. It is a melancholy thing to calculate how many base passions, how many despairing hearts, how many villainous schemes, how many ruined fortunes, must be contributed to the expense of such an establishment. Nor is it a less melancholy reflection, to think how giant vice can dare that justice unwhipped, which pounces on low and petty offences; that the great and wealthy set the law of the land and public opinion alike at defiance, while we abolish lotteries, and send the poor wretches caught at little-goes to the tread-mill. Why is there not a tread-mill for St. James's Street? Of the owner of this mansion it is, however, more in ridicule than in anger, written by our author—

"Crockford—but some gawk or quiz
Here may ask who Crockford is?
Who, forsooth! The trump of Fame
Seldom celebrates a name
Through the country, or in town,
Of more exquisite renown.
All his coaxing manners praise,
All confess his winning ways.
Though 'tis plainly seen with one eye
He's a dab at making money,
Still his taste (one must commend it),
Next to getting, is to spend it.
Let them hoard their coin who love it,
Crockford has a soul above it."

Reckless he of cost and price,
Lightly as it comes, it goes,
Still ungrudging and unrepented,
So his members are contented.

He can boast of many debtors,
Every one among his betters,
Never of a score afraid,
Always 'blushing to be paid,'
'Tis a luxury to owe him—
None, if happening not to know him,
None their ignorance should own,
Arguing themselves unknown.

They, perhaps, who love him, wish
He had never dealt in fish;
But, excepting when he nabs
Higher prey by means of crabs,
Ne'er he'll deal in it again.
Fisher now become of men;
One who still, I own it freely,
Hooks and nets them so genteelly,
That they feel it, as they ought,
Quite a pleasure to be caught.
There. You have your answer, quiz:
Now, you know who Crockford is."

Further on, he is described as presiding in his den of evil—

"See apart, where Crockford sits,
Or parades the room by fits,
Calmly, steadily surveying
All the ups and downs of playing!
Reckless of the raging battle,
Reckless how the dice may rattle,
Who is throwing out or in,
Who may lose or who may win,
Whether they have blanks or prizes,
All he equally excites.
'What has he with loss to do?
Some of Play, 'twas made for you.'"

"Nibbling, nibbling by degrees,
Like a rat that gnaws a cheese,
Like a child whose grinders make
Laracods round a sugar'd cake,
He, whatever the event,
Rests 'in measureless content.'
Can you in his conscious face
Fall the mighty Lord to trace
Of the magic Deuce and Ace!
All his loss that throw retrieves;
If 'tis for him, he receives;
If against him, never pays;
Such are Crockford's means and ways.
Thus his victims bear the infliction
Of another Bank-restriction.
Thus he waves the mighty spell
Which controls the depths of Hell!

Should you, with a view to fence
'Gainst its fatal influence
And to parry the disaster,
Have a mind to back the *caster*,
Plain, unerring calculation
Bids you dread a worse vexation,
Since *Demolere* neatly shews
That, whenever a *caster* throws,
For that hopeful chance to win, he
Parts with fourpence in a guinea!"

"Thus, when fickle Fortune fancies
To decide against the chances,
And there's, now and then, a run
On his bank, the more the fun,
All the backward, now grown brisk,
Little care what stakes they risk;
Those who never played before
Venture much, and gamblers more.
So insurers, oft in doubt
How to feel when fires break out,
Grudge not paying houseless men
For their losses now and then.
Who, thus frighten'd, think it wise
To renew their policies!
While the uninsured, by scores,
Cluster round the office-doors.

But with envy while we view him,
Let us own, in justice to him,
That, whatever may be his profit,
Crockford makes no secret of it.
Every customer allows it;
He to all the world avows it;
Be it much or little, so 'tis;
All are purchasers on notice.

Idle sorrow, vain repenting,
When the victims are consenting,
Who, inflamed, excited thus,
By their darling stimulus,
Paying, to their heart's content,
Little more than two per cent,
Never grudge the price a trifle,
Wondering how it costs so little!

But as man was never meant
(So 'twould seem) to be content;
As some void within the breast
Still left aching, murders rest;
Crockford, prospering thus, and grown
Tired of letting well alone,
Scorns his former fair condition,
Mastered by that mad ambition,
Which though grovelling souls abuse,
Kindred spirits must excuse:
Since the noblest minds agree
In that last infirmity.

Now, his pride disdain the scene
Of his past success, as mean;
'Many were its charms,' 'tis granted;
But, when *etecor* is wanted,
Premises so small are hateful—
Thus it is, when man's ungrateful!

Houses twain suffice no more.
No—he must and will have *four*;
And, precisely as those gay things,
Petted children, treat their play-things,
In his hurry to enjoy them,
Grown impatient to destroy them,
Has a crotchet in his head,
To adorn you gulf 'tis said,
With a Palace in their stead!

From the gains of many seasons,
Thus misguided man, he reasons—
'Say that, of a given size,
Houses yield a given prize,
Make them twice as big—I touch
(Witness Cocker) twice as much.'

But, when premises are hollow,
False conclusions ever follow.
Oft such arguments conceal
Guns with springs, and traps of steel,
Though 'tis strange to find a trick
Lurking in arithmetic,
Strange, that fallacies should be
Even in the rule-of-three,
Oft, 'tis clearer than the Sun,
Two and two make—only one!
Truth concealed from ages past,
Scarce revealed to ours, at last."

It will be fortunate for many a one, and well for the moral fame of the country, if the poet prove a prophet in this matter. Heretofore, it has been otherwise. Every luxury has abounded in these Hells—splendid furniture, costly suppers, delicious wines, and then the excitement of gaming.

"What is garden, grove, or mead,
To you oval board o'erspread
With its smooth and spotless cloth,
Where (to tell their names I'm loath)
Commoners, and not a few peers,
Hover round you pair of *Croupiers*,
Who, all primness and decorum,
Heaps of counters piled before 'em,
Sit, with loins each night grown weaker,
Sit—like Theseus, or the speaker."

Nor suppose that, partial grown,
They are charmed with *green* alone;
That no form or shape is able
To attract them, but the table.
No—believe me, wondering Muse,
Here are other shapes and hues,
Which with ecstasy they boast of,
And delight to make the most of.

Ne'er has ivory neck or shoulder
So enchanted the beholder,
When, perchance, the parted robe
Half betrays each rising globe—
As the ivory cubes that lie
Paired beneath the punter's eye,
Cubes in matchless beauty drest,
Or in motion, or at rest:

N'er was any 'mole, cinque-spotted,
Like the cinque upon them dotted."

"See! the wayward goddess nods
Nicks and mains, and bets and adds,
Swell and shrink full many a beard.
On the wonder-working board,
While the ivory tokens fly
Swift as weavers shuttle by,
Pushed or gathered, as they go,
By the Croupier's brisk roteau.

Precious Ivory! Those who coin
Deem thee fairer than the skin
Mantling o'er the face and breast
Of the blonde they love the best.
These with rapture they behold,
Darling deputy of gold.
Which, to make the system sure,
Here enjoys a sinecure.
But the hapless wight who loses
Every praise to this refuse.
If there's any thing, in sooth,
Sharper than a serpent's tooth,
'Tis, the looser frenzy game,
'Tis, alas! the elephant's."

The bard, in Canto II. supposes that Crockford has sold himself to the enemy of mankind, to have his assistance in finishing the house by May; and—

"To the contract, as it stood,
Crockford set his hand in blood;
Satan, with a pen of flame
Dipped in sulphur, did the same.
'Sealed,' quoth Satan. Crockford shivered.
As he staggered forth 'delivered.'
And his terror scarce was banished
When the other party—vanished!"

Such the tale, of little credit.
'Twas a burning shame to spread it.
To encourage a report
So malicious, even in sport.
'Twas a calumny for spite meant,
And, if dealt with by indictment,
Though 'twere true as is the Bible,
More on that account a libel,
Say the jury, on their oath,
'Gainst the devil and Crockford both.
I, for one, though some receive it
All for gospel, don't believe it!
Or that any sprite but Mammon
Helps him on.—The rest is *gummon*.

Yet, my friend, though he and you
Never had an interview;
And hereafter, as I pray
Most devoutly, never may:
Though no demon-spell has bound you,
Dangers here, on earth, surround you.
Pause a moment, Crockford, pause—
Break, but do not brave the laws;
Out-maneuvre, or out-buy them;
But 'tis madness to defy them.

Though their silence, long and deep,
Plainly shews them fast asleep;
Be not by their slumbers led
To imagine they are dead.
Fear their renovated vigour,
Fear their threatened 'utmost rigour,'
Which, near covers and preserves,
Proving aloft, to test the nerves
Of those restless encroachers
On all rural bills, the poachers,
In the yearly war which peasants
Wage with gentlemen, for pheasants.

If the legal lion rouses,
How you'll mourn your vanished houses!
When the expounders of the laws
Grant a rule for *shearing causes*,
And to court you trembling go,
Conscious you have none to shew,
How you'll wish yourself again
Safe within that modest den
Where your dextrous course you shaped
So discreetly, and escaped
From such perils as, in print,
'Twere ungracious ev'n to hint!
Now, pursuit may well grow warmer;
Now, you are your own informer."

"Take my counsel, do not brag;
Keep your cat within her bag;
Comely whiskers, velvet paws,
Ill conceal her teeth and claws.
Nought avails her coat and purring,
If she keeps the mice from stirring.

With so nourishing a diet
Can't you chew the cud in quiet?
Unmolested would you eat,
Never, never, cry roast meat!
Nor, at meals, proclaim aloud
Plenty to a hungry crowd,
Who begin, perhaps, by staring,
But, at last, insist on sharing.
While you summon many a guest
In your pompous halls to feast,

Tremble at the Bow Street Harpies,
With their nails unclean, and sharp eyes,
Birds obscene, whose light and touch
May not please you over-much."

Of gaming itself, after throwing out these
judicious hints" to Master Crockford, the
author treats *secundum artem*—

"Wise and simple, grave and gay,
Have been lured and led away
Captives, by the charms of play.
There's no punishing or shaming
Certain people out of gaming;
'Tis among the plagues that ravage
Countries civilised and savage,
In its blind, impartial rage,
Sparing neither sex nor age.
Here, 'tis a resistless passion,
There, a pastime or a fashion.
Some it maddens and bewitches
With the hope of sudden riches:
Some would fain, because too well off,
Stave *own*, that demon-spell, off;
And by play's excitement strive
Just to keep themselves alive.
Moralists may preach or wonder;
'Tis as ancient quite as thunder.

Nor imagine that the vice
Is confined to cards and dice;
That its power is felt or shown
In saloons or clubs alone.
Practised our desires to move
In as various forms as love,
Shifting to a hundred shapes,
Here some grave pursuit it apes:
Here performs some sordid task
In a domino and mask.

All who, dashing, over-trade,
All by whom a wager's laid;
All who deal in those affairs
Calles, from sharing nothing, shares,
(As a grove all clear men do
(*Lucus term, a non lucendo*);
All who would their incomes double,
By some specious two-faced bulble,
And secure, by hums on hums,
Bonuses and premiums;
All the bulls and bears that range,
Shaped like men, the Stock-exchange,
And, without remorse, would martyr
Half mankind for half a quarter;
All who, preying on the nation,
Call their rapine speculation;
Who by accident advance,
And in all things trust to chance;
Scheme-contrivers, money-scramblers,
All are errant downright gamblers."

"Arm against it woman's beauty,
Love, ambition, fame, and duty,
Play, unconquered since the fall,
Play will triumph over them all!"

If, however, a clever and witty satire can
diminish the evil, the public must feel indebted
to Mr. Luttrell for its apposite application, as
well as for the enjoyment which the perusal of
his lively verse must afford. It is unnecessary
to criticise the composition, since our copious

* And others elsewhere: as—

"Wherefore hurry up a mansion
Of such splendour and expansion,
Wherefore build so proud a fane
To the greedy god of gain?
Nursed in darkness, scared by light,
Play should, here, play *lost* in sight,
And, ensconced behind a screen,
If it blazes, 'blush unseen."

"Wherefore conjure up accusers
In the tasty tribe of lozers,
Who compose, your annals say,
Just nine-tenths of those who play?
Why instruct the thickest skull
In the secret of the *pull*?
Are your customers so dull?
Who can doubt, but Nature's fools,
From the value of the tools,
And the instruments they see,
What the precious work must be?
Something you were known to touch,
But we never dreamed *how* much,
Nor, till such a pile was shewn us,
Guessed the value of your *bonus*.

Every brick and stone that's laid,
Whispers of your prosperous trade:
When we see you walls aspire
Higher every day and higher;
When we view that stately front,
Ominous to those who punt,
Parting, by some scores of feet,
Hoby's boots from Bennet Street,
This, at once, the veil withdraws;
From 't' effect we judge the cause,
Sure that all the boundless cost,
Gained by you, by us was lost."

extracts will sufficiently shew that, somewhat
resembling drunken Barnaby's style, it is full
of neat hits and well-pointed pleasantry. If
we were to quote one passage as superior to
the rest, we should select the very sensible and
forcible advice on the conduct which ought to
be pursued with regard to those vagabonds
who disgrace the press by making it a vehicle
for slander and calumny.

"Since these heroes of the pen
War with women thus, and men,
Since their viewless arrows strike
Every head and heart alike,
Why should they have power to vex,
Grieve, or injure either sex?
Thus from post to pillar hunted,
Patience tired and feelings blunted,—
Say, what armour of defence
Have we but—indifference?
But to live unhurt in slander;
As, in fire, the salamander!"

Reader, be what you appear.
Keep your fame and conscience clear,
And, regardless of their frown,
Laugh, or rather live them down.
If encompassed with a skin
Somewhat sensitive and thin,
At their stripes you ever winced,
Steel'd at length, at length convinced
That, with many faults or few,
(Since, whatever you say or do,
They are certain to condemn)
You've no chance of pleasing them,
Scorn to taste the poisoned chalice
Lifted to your lips by Malice:
Let no slander stir your bile,
Read his libels with a smile,
Or unheeded on the shelf
Let them lie, and—please yourself."

The *Rhymer in Rome* is a clever exposure
of the filth and uncleanness of the modern
Romans; and draws a curious picture of the
Eternal City. Altogether, this volume is formed
to be a popular favourite; light and easy of
digestion, it will amuse by its talent and hu-
mour, and not the less because it will also cor-
rect abuses and reform bold bad-doings.

*Voyage of H. M. S. Blonde to the Sandwich
Islands, in 1824-5; Captain Lord Byron,
Commander. 4to. pp. 260. London, 1827.
J. Murray.*

THE *Blonde* carried out the dead bodies of the
late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands,
who died during their visit to this country;
and though this peculiar circumstance gave a
feature of novelty to the voyage, we can hardly
think it was worth the conservation of a quarto
volume. At all events, we do not find that
we can enrich our columns with much of new
and interesting information from this source;
having, indeed, very lately exhibited the *status
quo* of the Sandwich Islands, from a writer of
more experience than could be acquired on so
brief a sojourn as was made by the *Blonde*;
and previously to that, illustrated the same
subject by a series of original papers from the
pen of an eye-witness, who, like Mr. Ellis, had

* See Review of the Rev. Mr. Ellis's Tour through
Hawaii (or Owhyhee), &c. of which a second edition has
just been deservedly called for. With that edition we
have to acknowledge a letter from its author, who says,
"In your review of my volume you refer to an original
journal published in your *Gazette* for 1821, which I have
since very carefully read, and am happy to state (as it
may perhaps be satisfactory to yourself), that in general it
is correct, and that Mr. Corney has described what passed
under his own eye with great fidelity. The vessel to
which he formerly belonged was in the hands of the
natives when I first arrived in the Sandwich Islands—
Accordingly to the suggestions in your review, I have altered
the phraseology in several parts of the narrative, and feel
convinced that I have not thereby rendered it less accept-
able to the public." On the contrary, we can assure
readers that the volume (Bro. Fisher, Son, and Jackson),
is greatly improved. With regard to the language, we are
sorry that having presented the copious vocabulary which
we received from Mr. Corney, to the learned author of
the *Mithridate* (so well qualified to make a valuable use of
it), we are not in a condition to criticise the specimens of
the language given either by Mr. Ellis or Lord Byron—
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spent a considerable time in the country. A few remarks and quotations from the present work will therefore suffice for our purpose.

A well-written *coup d'œil* over the discovery and earlier history of the Sandwiches, forms a fitting preface to the account of the royal visit to England and its melancholy sequel. The author warmly defends the conduct of the Islanders from some of the imputations of vulgarity and barbarism which have been thrown out against them; but making all allowances, he does fall to show that they were finished ladies and gentlemen, and so forth. They were desperately cheated by Captain Starbuck, the American master of the vessel which brought them over, who contrived during the passage and touching at the Brazils, to absorb 15000 of the 25000 dollars shipped as treasure by his majesty. Having once landed in England, however, their treatment was more becoming. What remained of property was safely lodged in the Tower till the king's suite sailed in the *Blonde*; their charges were paid by the British government; they were well received by ministers (especially by Mr. Canning, who knows of what future commercial importance the Sandwich Islands may be), and by our King himself at Windsor; and they were loaded both by official acts, and by private individuals of rank, with many presents and marks of favour. Of their appearance on arriving, the description is worth quoting—

"When the ladies were first seen in London they were dressed in very strange habiliments. The queen wore trousers and a long bed-gown of coloured velvet; and her friend Kuinee or Lillah, the wife of Boki, had on something of the same kind. They were playing whist with a pack of very dirty cards, complaining bitterly of the cold, and were, upon the whole, in a state as far removed as possible from regal dignity. The first object was of course to provide dresses suitable to the climate, and also to the condition of the wearers; and it was impossible for any persons to be more tractable, or adapt themselves with more good temper to the usages of this country, than the whole party. The decorum of their behaviour was admirable during their residence in the hotel. Not one instance occurred of their overstepping the bounds of decency or civility in their intercourse with the different persons appointed to wait on them; not a suspicion that any one of the chiefs had offered the slightest insult to any woman; nor was there any of that gluttony and drunkenness with which those Islanders, and especially the king, have been wantonly charged by some who ought to have known better. It is true that, unaccustomed to our habits, they little regarded regular hours for meals, and that they liked to eat frequently, though not to excess. Their greatest luxury was oysters, of which they were particularly fond; and one day, some of the chiefs having been out to walk, and seeing a gray mullet, instantly seized it, and carried it home, to the great delight of the whole party, who, on recognising the native fish of their own seas, could scarcely believe that it had not swam hither on purpose for them, or be persuaded to wait till it was cooked before they ate it. Once, and once only, they drank a considerable quantity of wine: it was when, after repeated and extraordinary ill-behaviour, the interpreter Rives was dismissed. This event gave them all the highest satisfaction, and they sat carousing all night; but even then they only consumed twenty bottles of wine, and that was not much among so many."

The following says more for them than for

the "well-dressed mob," who, we are told, had laughter ready prepared for the savages:

"As to their manners, it must be by the recollection of many persons, that they were decorous and self-possessed on all occasions. When they were kindly invited to a large assembly at Mr. Secretary Canning's, the curiosity to see these inhabitants of nearly the Antipodes caused, as is usual in London, where, as of old, we are more eager after strange sights than in any other place, a sort of bustle and crowding round of a well-dressed mob; to look at the strange king and queen and nobles; but the laughter and the exclamations which seem to have been ready prepared for the royal strangers soon died away, when it was perceived that not the slightest embarrassment or awkwardness was displayed by them, and that the king knew how to hold his state, and the erees to do their service, as well as if they had practised all their lives in European courts. The chiefs were much delighted with the politeness of the duke and duchess of Gloucester, who were of the party. The queen particularly felt gratified with that kind urbanity of manner which distinguishes her royal highness, and which on this occasion was both a protection to the strangers and an honour to herself. It might perhaps cause a smile in such as remembered the description of Cook, who found the king Teraipou and his queen with nothing but their waist cloths, to see their grandchildren wearing coats made by a London tailor, and stays and gowns by a Parisian modiste; but that the dresses were fit and becoming, we all remember, and, moreover, that more than one lady begged to have the pattern of Kahamalu's turban. Tamehameha and his party were of course extremely anxious to see all the sights and shows of London; and the first place they went to was Westminster Abbey, with which they were much pleased. The music seemed to affect them a good deal, and they were impressed with great veneration for the place where they knew the remains of so many great men were deposited. On reaching the steps of Henry the Seventh's chapel, and hearing that the ancient kings of England were buried there, they said it was too sacred, and no argument could prevail upon the king to enter it."

The last is really a fine trait of character, and enough to redeem the eating of a thousand raw herrings, or the drinking of fifty dozen extra tumblers of rum. But, however they behaved, or whatever they felt, it was speedily at an end. The measles carried off poor Riho Riho and his loved queen. The story of their deaths is simple and affecting. The king was in a fair way of being restored to health on the 4th of July; but—

"On the 8th, no hope remaining of the queen's recovery, her husband was apprised of her danger. He caused himself to be immediately placed in his arm-chair and wheeled to her apartment; when, being lifted upon her bed and placed by her side, he embraced her affectionately, and they both wept bitterly. He then dismissed the attendants, and they remained for some time alone together. Till then the king was supposed to be recovering; but it was understood that at this mournful interview these young people had agreed that one should not survive the other. At five o'clock he desired to be conveyed to his own bed, where he lay without speaking, and the queen died about an hour after he left her; that is, about six o'clock in the evening of the 8th July, 1824. Lillah, whose dutiful and affectionate behaviour to her friend and mis-

tress had been most exemplary, now took charge of her body, and disposed it after the manner of her country, unclenching it to the waist, leaving also the ankles and feet bare, and carefully dressing the hair and adorning it with chaplets of flowers. The king now desired the body might be brought into his apartment, and laid on a small bed near him; that being done, he sat up looking at it, but neither speaking nor weeping. The medical attendants observed, that the state of Riho Riho was such as to render it highly improper to keep the queen's body near him, and it was therefore proposed to him to allow it to be taken away; but he sat silent, and answered no one, only by gestures shewing that he forbade its removal. At length, after much persuasion, and then leaving him to himself for a time, he suddenly made signs that it might be taken away; which was accordingly done, and the queen was again placed on her own bed. From this day the king's disorder rapidly increased; the loss of the queen decided his fate: his spirits sank, his cough increased, and he himself declared he should not long survive. To divert his thoughts, and to lighten the disease, if possible, Mr. Byng caused the whole family to be removed from the apartments they had hitherto occupied into those belonging to the hotel on the other side of the street overlooking the river. On this occasion, the implicit deference paid by the Sandwich Islanders to their king was strikingly displayed. Kapihe, the admiral, the only one of the followers who had suffered from the disorder in a degree at all equal to the king and queen, had by some means incurred the displeasure of Tamehameha, who had forbidden him to appear in his presence. This prohibition he strictly obeyed; and even on the removal of the family, though often entreated, he never would consent to venture into the presence, as he had not been called. However, not long after the change of the apartments, the disorder of the king assumed so decided an aspect, that his near approaching death could neither be concealed from himself nor his attendants, and Kapihe resumed his station among them. Yet still he dared not venture to present himself too closely or too frequently to his master. On the day of the king's decease he was supported by pillows, and said little, but repeated the words, 'I am dying, I am dying;' within the curtains of the bed one of the chiefs sat continually, with his face towards the king, and his eyes fixed on him, in conformity, as they said, with their native customs. Poor Kapihe was invited to take the place, thereby to prove his innocence of the supposed offence which had incurred his master's displeasure. But his respect for the king's orders prevailed over all other considerations, and he refrained from exercising the honourable privilege of watching the death-bed of his king and friend. The day of the 13th of July was a very painful one, and the dying agony of the sufferer was long; for it was not until four o'clock of the morning of the 14th that Tamehameha II. breathed his last."

We have stated why we consider it unnecessary for us to follow the track of the voyage, or to enter into the particulars related of various excursions made into the islands by our sailor countrymen during their stay. One or two short extracts will suffice, by way of example, and we copy such passages as appear to be most striking. They touched at Banks's Cove, Albemarle Island (the largest and loftiest of the Gallapagos group); and the journal says:

"The heat was very great as we approached

the land, the thermometer standing at 84°; and as we shot into the cove we disturbed such a number of aquatic birds and other animals, that we were nearly deafened with their wild and piercing cries. The place is like a new creation: the birds and beasts do not get out of our way; the pelicans and sea-lions look in our faces as if we had no right to intrude on their solitude; the small birds are so tame that they hop upon our feet; and all this amidst volcanoes which are burning around us on either hand. Altogether it is as wild and desolate a scene as imagination can picture. 27th March.—Our first care this morning was to search for the water with which we were to complete the ship, but to our great mortification we found the springs, which are usually abundant, nearly dried up, and were therefore obliged to put the ship's company on an allowance. A boat was despatched to Narborough Island to procure land-turtle, and others were employed in fishing, with great success. Our Sandwich Island chiefs landed on our anchoring, and having found two huts left by some former visitors, they remained in them to enjoy the pleasures of fishing and bathing according to the customs of their own country, while we staid in the harbour. Our party to Narborough Island landed among an innumerable host of sea-guanas, the ugliest living creatures we ever beheld. They are like the alligator, but with a more hideous head, and of a dirty sooty black colour, and sat on the black lava rocks like so many imps of darkness. As far as the eye could reach we saw nothing but rough fields of lava, that seemed to have hardened while the force of the wind had been rippling its liquid surface. In some places we could fancy the fiery sea had been only gently agitated; in others, it seemed as if it had been swept into huge waves. Here and there it was rent into deep crevices, coated with iron rust, and filled up with salt water. Far inland, too, the pools are salt; and not a vegetable, but the cactus here and there, is seen to root in the rock. Seaward, however, the eye is relieved by a few patches of mangrove, which have begun to fringe the desolate place with green. About half way down the steep south-east side of the Island, a volcano burns day and night; and near the beach a crater was pouring forth streams of lava, which on reaching the sea caused it to bubble in an extraordinary manner. We returned to the ship in the afternoon, having taken forty-six large green turtle, but failed of getting any terrapin. We also killed some seals, pelicans, and penguins, and saw sea-lions sporting about the rocks."

The remains of idolatry are vanishing from the Sandwich Islands, and we have one curious anecdote on the subject. The English officers were allowed to pick and carry away a few of the old gods from a morai in Hawaii; and the quondam priest, who had them in charge, was not quite pleased at superintending this business. He was the son of the priest in Cook's time, and told the following tale:

"One morning his father had placed the usual offering of fish and poi before the Nui Akua, or Great Spirit. The son having spent a long day in an unsuccessful fishing expedition, returned, and, tempted by hunger, devoured the food of the gods. But, first, he placed his hands on the eyes of the idol, and found they saw not; and then his hand into its mouth, but it did not bite; and then he threw his mantle over the image, and ate; and replacing the bowl, removed the mantle, and went his way. Being reproved by his father, he said, 'Father, I spoke to him, and he heard not; I put my

hand into his mouth, and he felt not; I placed tapa over his eyes, and he saw not: I therefore laughed and ate.' 'Son,' said the old priest, 'thou hast done unwisely: 'tis true the wood neither sees nor hears, but the Spirit above observes all our actions.' This priest (the relation continues) opposed, with propriety, the offering any indignity to the bones of the deceased chiefs, but in every thing else assisted us with civility, though with reluctance, to spoil the morai of its most precious contents; and the Blonde soon received on board almost all that remained of the ancient deities of the Islands."

On their return, our voyagers landed at two little known islands in the Pacific, which they named Malden's and Parry's Islands. At the latter (called Manti by the natives) there were two Otaheitan missionaries. Of the former, the author says:

"It appeared to be a low coral formation, about twelve or fourteen miles in extent, and having on it several clumps of thick fresh-looking trees, so compact, that at a distance they were taken for rocks: these clumps are useful in approaching the land, for it is in no place higher than forty feet. We found the landing easy; but we were accompanied to the beach by shoals of sharks, which were so ravenously inclined, that they bit at the blades of the oars as they dipped into the water. On the shore, which was steep and shelving, we found shells of various kinds, such as *chama gigas*, *cypræa argus*, and others of the genus; a very large turbo, inhabited by the hermit crab; a pecten; a nautilus; and several murexes; and traces of turtle were observable, though we did not see the animal. Large families of sea-birds had made their abode here. The frigate pelican seemed the most numerous; then, as we flatter ourselves, a new species, which we named *Pelicanus candida*. These birds were actually sitting on their nests, containing two white eggs each, and scarcely noticed our approach. The red-tailed tropic-bird was also there; and a procellaria, not unlike the *Procellaria alba* of Linnæus; a tern, which we have called *Sterna Maldensis*; a white tern, differing but in a few points from Linnæus's *Sterna alba*. These, with a small field-rat, a copper-coloured lizard, and a dragon-fly, were the only inhabitants we found on the island. Yet there are traces of human occupation, if not of habitation. Large square areas raised to the height of three feet above the ordinary surface are here and there to be seen, supported by blocks of wrought coral, and each having in the centre what we may call an altar or table-tomb. Captain Cook has mentioned similar edifices, if they may be called so, in some other uninhabited islands; and they are not very dissimilar in form to places of worship found among the aborigines of South America."

With this account we take our leave of Lord Byron, the navigator; whose volume perhaps (after all),—as the only authentic record of a singular event, the consequences of which may be extraordinary in other times—may have deserved the pains bestowed in producing it, the plates, and the larger form to which we hinted our objection at setting out.

Nugæ Canoræ; or, Epitaphian Mementos (in Stone-cutters' Verse) of the Medici Family of Modern Times. By Unus Quorum. 8vo. pp. 70. London, 1827. Callow and Wilson.

LUCKILY for the writer of this amusing brochure, it has been put into hands which will not allow it to sink into oblivion with the mass

of medical pamphleteering of the day: the Medici Family shall be critically medicated, and the public taught that this is not physic to be thrown to the dogs. From a reference, in p. 13, to the *Nugæ Chirurgicæ* of Mr. Waddy, we could almost suspect it was by the same hand, in which case it might be considered, as a Cockney acquaintance of ours pronounces it, to be a complete *Waddy mecum*. But however this may be, it is an extremely pleasant and humorous *jeu d'esprit*, suggested probably by the Golden-Headed Cane, which we noticed a short while ago; and likely to create quite as much or more merriment in the grave profession of which, under the title of *Medici*, it treats.

The author sets out with an introductory epistle, in which he regrets the migration of the College of Physicians from their venerable habitation in the city:—

"Warwick Lane," he pronounces, "(midway between St. Bartholomew's and the Worshipful Apothecaries, flanked by Old Surgeons' Hall) had been consecrated for ages as the very focus of physic. We read of classical ground: this was physical ground. A man might indulge himself in a walk from the dissecting room at St. Bartholomew's, down Warwick Lane, till he heard the ear-piercing sounds of the great pestle and mortar at the Hall, without any interruption to the associations produced by the anatomical demonstrations of Abernethy. But, alas! the scene is changed, and another generation will in vain look for that which

'Seemed to the distant eye a gilded pill.'

That sign, which, towering above the houses, announced the great emporium of learning and of licensing. While I was thus grumbling, like Crockery in the play, at the improvements of London, it suddenly occurred to me, that it might yet be possible to save the 'pill and dome' from destruction, and preserve it for medical purposes. Let us have a medical-death society, thought I! Death and the doctors are old allies! Have we not a medical-life society? Are they not excellent fellows? Who knows but they may listen to my suggestion, and purchase the old college for a medical mausoleum, or pantheon medicum!

'Then, where most learned doctors lectured crowds,
The self-same doctors may appear in shrouds.'

The place itself being buried, renders it more appropriate for burying others; and the medical fraternity may be invited to take, on lease, snug little corners, as the French do at *Père la Chaise*. A trifling arrangement may accommodate all degrees. The College, as heretofore, may be appropriated to the regulars, and the two wings to the irregulars. Poor Tom Ramsden's house would be good quarters for those whom old Surgeon-general Gunning designated 'dragoons'; while the opposite wing may be enlarged, for the numerous worthy and wealthy professors of quackery.—Thus, in a pleasing reverie, did I settle all these plans to my own satisfaction; and thus might I have gone on dreaming till now, had not the explosion of the joint stock companies burst my bubble, restored me to my sober senses, and cured a *cacothés scribendi at adaptandi*, which exhibited itself so fiercely, as to spare neither the 'quick nor the dead;' and of which the following characteristic epitaphs, or epitaphian mementos, are some of the symptoms. It is always a satisfactory thing to a patient to trace his complaint to a visible cause. I once knew a lady, suffering from what is technically termed a catarrh (*euigo*, a cold), who had her mind set at ease by her Abigail discovering that her complaint arose from her having read a damp play-

bill; and looking for the cause of this aberration of mine, like the lady aforesaid, I have the satisfaction to have found it, in the impressions made by visiting, in a recent tour, various cathedrals and churches in England and Wales. In the course of this tour, I saw the monumental reminiscences of numberless doctors, from the plain stone in the little church of Dantesbourne Abbots, that modestly records the day in which the excellent Baillie 'terminated his useful and honourable life,'—to the stupendous monument in Gloucester Cathedral, surmounted by colossal trumpeters, of an excellent provincial surgeon whom the worthies of Gloucester have honoured with a monument not inferior to those which national gratitude erects to her greatest statesmen and bravest warriors! In this way my mind became supersaturated with 'memento mori' materials, from that which might claim an affinity to the brevity of the Athenian or Roman models; as, 'Cordus eram,' or 'Fui Caius,' to the high-flown bombast of Bombastes Paracelsus, the curer of all incurable diseases. One of the important points, after writing a book, is to make an appropriate dedication, according to the style and manner that has ever prevailed since books were written; which is to extol, with more or less extravagance, the individual to whom it is inscribed. This is no easy matter. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood, which is the reason, no doubt, that has led some wagish fellows into strange fancies, in their deviations from this ancient custom. Thus, Dean Swift dedicates to Prince Posterity; another, going beyond the dean, dedicates his work to Eternity; while another, 'To his most esteemed Self,' dat dedicatue; and, lastly, the satirical Hogarth dedicates to Nobody, or rather to Everybody, as Everybody is commonly Nobody. Following his example, I shall dedicate my little book to Somebody, who is probably Nobody now."

With this probability we agree, for the work is dedicated to the Presidents of Physicians' and Surgeons' Colleges, and the Master of the Apothecaries' Company in 1927, who, as they are to be great dons figuring this time century, are, we dare venture to suppose, mere nobodies at the present interesting epoch. Since, however, every dog has his day, some of the existing worthies who hold these high stations must take their little portraits from the pen of "Unus Quorum:" and as there is no ill-nature in his epitaphs, we are inclined to fancy they will displease the living no more than the dead.

He sets out with Heberden, Turton, and Baker, and then comes (as follows) to *J. De Castro Sarmiento*.

"Would you know what religion he had,
Be his character thus understood—
A dissembler from all that is bad,
A convector to all that is good.

Conversion, in a religious sense, is a reformation of the heart, with regard to the morals, passions, desires, and pursuits, and is generally understood as the change from one sect of religion to another, each sect pronouncing itself to be the only right one. The Jews are a race of people very difficult of conversion; and it is said, that the society now existing for this purpose have, with considerable effort, *Christianised* two or three vagabond Jew boys only, at the calculated expense of about £10,000 for each convert! So that it is a more expensive business than formerly; as we find, in Rymer's 'Fœdera,' an account of Elizabeth, the daughter of Rabbi Moses, who was allowed *two pence*

per day, as a consideration for being deserted by her family, on account of her change of religion! Dr. De Castro was a man of science and sense, and no doubt able to give substantial reasons for 'the faith that was in him;' and his Letter to the Heads of the Synagogue, when he abjured his religion (1758), was written in the spirit of a man of honour. In Dr. De Castro's time, political associations and religious sects were considered excellent roads to professional success. Raddcliffe and Freind owed much to the Tories and Jacobites, Mead and Hulse to the Whigs; and it was no uncommon thing for men to leave polemical discussions for physical disquisitions. Numbers of dissenting ministers became doctors of medicine, and some with success; for such was their influence with their congregations, that a marriage or a mortgage was never made without their being consulted. From this influence, those who did not turn doctors themselves made their sons so. Of this class were Mead, Oldfield, Clarke, Nesbitt, Lobb, and Munkley; and it has been said of Mead, that when he began practice, he was a constant frequenter of his father's meeting at Stepney; and that when he was sent for out of the assembly, the old gentleman would in his prayer insert a petition for the sick person!

His sire's pretended pious steps he trends,
And where the doctor falls, the saint succeeds."

The next is a still more lively sketch:—

"Sir Richard Jebb, Bart. M.D.
Here, caught in Death's web,
Lies the great Doctor Jebb,
Who got gold-dust just like Astley Cooper;
Did you speak about diet,
He would kick up a riot,
And swear like a madman or trooper.
When he wanted your money,
Like sugar or honey,
Sir Richard look'd happy and placid;
Having once touch'd the cash,
He was testy and rash,
And his honey was turn'd to an acid.

Sir Richard Jebb was very rough and harsh in manner. He said to a patient, to whom he had been very rude, 'Sir, it is my way.' 'Then,' replied the patient, pointing to the door, 'I beg you will make *that your way*.' Sir Richard was not very nice in his mode of expression, and would frequently astonish a patient with a volley of oaths. Nothing used to make him swear more than the eternal question, 'What may I eat?'—'Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?' 'Yes, madam, the *best thing* you can take.' 'O dear! I am glad of that. But, Sir Richard, you told me, the other day, that it was the *worst* thing I could eat!' 'What would be proper for me to eat to-day?' says another lady. 'Boiled turnips.' 'Boiled turnips! you forget, Sir Richard, I told you I could not bear boiled turnips.' 'Then, madam, you must have a d—d vitiated appetite.' Sir Richard being called to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him ingenuously what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. 'Now you are here,' said the patient, 'I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live, what I may eat, and what not.' My directions as to that point,' replied Sir Richard, 'will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but any thing else you please!' He was first cousin to Dr. John Jebb, who had been a dissenting minister, well known for his political opinions and writings. His Majesty, George III. used sometimes to talk to Sir Richard concerning his cousin; and once, more particularly, spoke of his restless, reforming spirit, in the

church, in the university, physic, &c. 'And, please your majesty,' replied Sir Richard, 'if my cousin were in heaven, he would be a reformer!'

Of Dr. Fordyce, the anecdotes are equally curious:—

"This celebrated lecturer dined every day, for more than twenty years, at Dolly's chop-house. His researches in Comparative Anatomy had led him to conclude, that man, through custom, eats oftener than nature requires—one meal a-day being sufficient for that noble animal the lion. At four o'clock, his accustomed hour of dining, the doctor regularly took his seat at a table always reserved for him, on which were placed a silver tankard full of strong ale, a bottle of port wine, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy. The moment the waiter announced him, the cook put a pound and a half of rump-steak on the gridiron, and on the table some delicate trifle, as a *bonne bouche*, to serve until the steak was ready. This was sometimes half a broiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish: when he had eaten this, he took one glass of brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. When he had finished his meal, he took the remainder of his brandy, having, during his dinner, drunk the tankard of ale, and afterwards the bottle of port! He thus daily spent an hour and a half of his time, and then returned to his house in Essex-street, to give his six o'clock lecture on chemistry. He made no other meal until his return next day, at four o'clock, to Dolly's. Many stories have been related of Fordyce, which are of much older date; and that so often narrated, of the tipsy lady,* actually occurred to the celebrated Freind, who was generally mellow after dinner."

In speaking of Dr. H. Revell Reynolds; we find the following worthy of quotation:—

"Here well-dressed Reynolds lies,
As great a beau as ever!
We may perhaps see one as wise,
But sure a smarter never.

The medical character has ever been considered a grave one, and formerly the gravity of their deportment was carried even to affectation. The physicians in Hogarth's Consultation are not caricatures, but pictures of real life; the sword, wig, and cane, being worn by the youngest candidates for medical fame.

Physic of old her entry made
Beneath th' immense full-bottom's shade;
While the gilt cane, with solemn pride,
To each sagacious nose apply'd,
Seem'd but a necessary prop,
To bear the weight of wig at top.

Dr. Reynolds may be considered as the link between the ancient and modern costume of the faculty: to the last, he wore a well-powdered wig and a silk coat."

A glorious bull is related in the sketch of Dr. Sims, "of a countryman of his, for whom he had prescribed an emetic, who said with great naïveté, 'My dear doctor, it is of no use your giving me an emetic; I tried it twice in Dublin, and it would not stay on my stomach either time.'"

* The author does not tell this story—perhaps it is one we have heard of the worthy doctor, who, after getting home highly primed from a dinner party, was called out to see a lady taken dangerously ill. "So (said the doctor to his man) by G—d I can't go at all;—if I do, you must lead me." He was led to the room, and the patient stretched upon a bed. The doctor got fast hold of a bed-post with one hand for a balance, and with the other seized the lady's wrist; but, alas! all attempts to note the pulsation were vain, and he could only mumble out, "Drunk, by Jove! drunk!" "Ah, madam!" cried the Abigail, as soon as the physician had staggered out, "what a wonderful man! How soon he discovered what was the matter with you!"

Of Dr. Lettsom (*et omne quod erit in um*)
the anecdotes are delightful. *Es. gr.*

"When patients used to come to I,
'Twas 'I physics and I sweats 'em';
When after that they chose to die,
It did not grieve—J. Lettsom.

How far my mangell-wurtzell root.
Was useful found in botany,
Will food supply them for dispute,
While disputants we've got any.

In this, how'er, you'll all agree,
And own it for a true thing,
To give it without price or fee,
In physic was a new thing.

In gen'rous deeds I gave my self,
And though the world forgets 'em,
I never shall forget myself
What's due to Coakley Lettsom.

"The doctor was in the practice of carrying the produce of his fees carelessly in his coat-pocket. His footman, being aware of this, used to make free with a guinea occasionally, while it hung up in the passage. The doctor, having repeatedly missed his gold, was suspicious of the footman, and took an opportunity of watching him. He succeeded in the detection, and, without even noticing it to the other servants, called him into his study, and coolly said to him, 'John, art in want of money?' 'No,' replied John. 'Oh! then, why didst thou make so free with my pocket? And since thou didst not want money, and hast told me a lie, I must part with thee. Now, say what situation thou wouldst like abroad, and I will obtain it for thee; for I cannot keep thee; I cannot recommend thee; therefore thou must go.' Suffice it to say, the doctor procured John a situation, and he went abroad. Persons in trade in Camberwell were in some means supported by the doctor; for, were they short in their week's means, and behind with their bills, it was only for them to make application, and their wants were supplied. Once a tradesman applied to him for the loan of twenty pounds for a short time. 'A short time?' said the doctor, putting his hand into his pocket, 'I might as well give it thee; for that short time might put thee to great inconvenience: go, make good use of it, and it will do thee a service; but if thou return it, it might require thee to borrow again.'

"A water-drinking doctor" (who, we do not know; but we are not surprised at that, for he never could be eminent in his profession) is thus introduced:—

"*Agrippa's sub. Sisy.*
Here lies a man who, drinking only water,
Wrote several books, with each had son or daughter;
Had he but used the juice of generous vats,
The world would scarce have held his books and brats;
Or had he not in pulse been such a glutton,
'This Lamb' had not been now as dead as mutton."

Again—

"Vaccination, like inoculation, had at its first introduction a great many enemies, but none greater than Rowley and Moseley, who described a whole tribe of attendant diseases, and even hinted that it created a brutal degeneration in the human species; and a case of a child at Peckham was narrated, whose natural disposition was so brutified that it run on all fours, bellowing like a cow, and butting with its head like a bull: in short, they made people believe that their race would end in a species of Minotaurs, semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem. The serious part of the doctor's argument was seriously answered, but these bovine metamorphoses gave rise to a variety of squibs, of which the following extract is a specimen:—

"O Moseley! thy books nightly fantasies rousing,
Full oft make me quake for my heart's dearest treasure!
For fancy, in dreams, oft presents them all browsing
On comings, just like little Nebuchadnezzars."

There, nibbling at thistles, stand Jenn, Joe, and Mary,
On their foreheads (oh horrible!) crumpled horns bud;
There Tom with a tall, and poor William all hairy,
Reclined in a corner, are chewing the cud."

Of a very painful and severe disease we are reminded—

"Montaigne considers gout, gravel, and rheumatism, as symptoms of long life; 'just as heat, cold, rain, and hail, are the attendants of every long journey;' and we find the great Sydenham consoling himself with three satisfactory reasons: 1. That more wise men had it than fools; 2. more rich than poor; 3. that it was more incident to men of strong than of weak constitutions. But all these fall short of Philander Missurus (1699), who wrote a book entitled *The Honour of the Gout*; or, a rational discourse, demonstrating that the gout is one of the greatest blessings which can befall mortal man; that all gentlemen, who are weary of it, are their own enemies; that those practitioners who offer at the cure, are the vainest and most mischievous cheats in nature!"

On a Scotch doctor, we have an epitaph well modelled on a celebrated one of Burns:

"Beneath these stones lie — bones:
O Satan! if you take him,
Appoint him doctor to your sons,
And healthy de'il's he'll make 'em."

"Prior to the commencement of the sixteenth century, the qualifications required for those who practised as surgeons in Edinburgh were, that they should be able to 'write and read, to know anatomy, nature and complexion of everie member of the humanis bodie, and likewise to know all the waynes of the samyn, that he may mak flevebothemen in dew time;' together with 'a complete knowledge of shaving beards and cutting hair.'"

Phrenology, in its turn, comes in for a lash: "Here lies Doctor —, who, before he was dead, Shew'd the passions of man from the bones of his head, By infallible rules, did we mind 'em. But 'tis thought, with respect to the faults of our neighbour,

'T would have been better worth this philosopher's labour,
Had he cured us of looking to find 'em!"

"Blumenbach said there is a great deal that is new and true in this system; but the new is not true, and the true is not new."

The pious practitioners are also recorded, with a mark of the writer's talents.

"Those means which medicine and the Gospel give,
To soul and body, — could he well apply,
Wondrous that skill which made the dying live,
More wondrous that which taught them how to die."

"In a work lately published by one of those, who, according to the present fashion, style themselves 'pious persons,' we have a curious mixture of Christian humility, sectarian rancour, and professional ignorance, mixed up with quotations from fanatical writers. The cases are all headed with a character of the party; as Miss —, 'a very pious person';

'the Rev. —, an apostolic labourer in his Master's vineyard'; 'Mr. —, an attorney, a man of most decided piety' (a rare association) 'who fell,' (notwithstanding the doctor's practice and prayers,) 'to rise no more until the resurrection morning, when the upright shall have dominion.' This is pretty well for the attorney; and the exit of many others is in the same taste. While these worthies are quite sure of being well provided for in the next world, they lose no opportunity of providing for themselves in this; and passages of Scripture, and portions of hymns, are turned to good account."

"On a Methodist M.D. who Practised in the Morning, and Preached in the Evening.

"In this dirty hole, without e'er a soul,
Lies the clay of a doctor and pastor,
Who, north-west and south-east, both physick'd and bleed,—
None could e'er do it better or faster."

Ye spiritual clan, who loved the dear man,
In memento your tears now bestow;
But if in your eyes the water won't rise,
You will cry in the regions below."

The subjoined are more general and mixed. laneous, and we select them for their own sakes: they are able to stand alone, without our propping.

"Here lies in repose, after great deeds of blood,
An hospital surgeon thorough!
Who bled for his own and his country's good,
At Saint Thomas's Hospital, Borough!"

"Nil nil bonum.
Young surgeons are full of invention,
Here lies one who did add to the bones
A bone—called the 'bone of contention!'"

"— Omne per ignem
Essequitur citium.—Vino.

"Here lies a warm spirit, whose genius and fire
Caused his death, from the heat of his passion and ire,
For so scorching and hot was his learning and knowledge,
It embroiled the profession, and roasted the college."

Having despatched physicians and surgeons, we arrive at oculists, *ecce signum.*

"Here lies Surgeon —
Who made the folks stare,
By a mode that was clever and wise:
'He got all their rhins
By the best method I know,
Which is throwing some dust in their eyes!"

Then the Potticaries.

"This respectable and useful class of the republic of medicine is here designated, according to the ancient definition, *poti-carry*, for which we have the authority of Chaucer, and also Pegge, who informs us that more may be said in support of the *poti-carry* of the cockney, than the *apothecary* of the learned. Though some have disputed the point, and made it *boti-carrio*, from *botica* (Spanish), a shop; or more probably from *bote*, a gallipot."

The Quacks are, in the end, physicked a little—not so much as the scoundrels deserve.

"The treatment mild, the cure effectual," is the usual cant of these worthies; besides which, *honour* and *secrecy* are very seductive: nothing more so; and it is said, that a great city practitioner, half a century ago, had little closets, like a pawnbroker's shop, to indulge this feeling of fanciful patients, that they might not be seen by fellow-sufferers. Secrecy and mystery are very commonly mixed up in medical affairs, even in the most ordinary transactions. The Comte de Viry carried this so far as to make the slightest indisposition a state secret. He one day called a surgeon to dress an ulcer on his leg; and when a similar one broke out in the other, he sent for a different surgeon, that the disordered state of the limbs might not be known; a circumstance which was the cause of his death. To a person who inquired for him, his secretary said, 'He is dead: but he does not wish it to be known!'

"On a Worm Doctor.

—, of worm-destroying note,
With little folks who breed 'em,
Has all his life been poisoning worms;
And now's consign'd to feed 'em.
Thus, 'twixt our doctor and his foes,
Accounts are pretty trim;
For many years he lived by thoses,
And now these live on him."

But all labours must have an end; and pleasant though it be, instead of operating on a heavy tome, to dish up an entertaining melange from such a book as the present, we must practise upon it no longer. Should any one dare to complain of what we have done, let it be remembered, to our credit, that we have done it without a fee.

Brooke's Winter in Lapland.

[Conclusion.]

The Field-finner, our Mountain Laplander, is a strange being, and apparently very low in the human scale. In the summer months of

June, July, and August, he is driven from the forest-covered interior by the plague of insects, and obliged, with his rein-deer, to seek refuge on the cooler and rocky coasts. Here he barbers his skins, feathers, &c. for coarse cloth, meal, gunpowder, tobacco, and too often for spirituous liquor—to the consumption of which he is strongly addicted.

"In addition to these inducements to repair to the coast (our author states), he will tell you, that it is absolutely necessary to the existence of the rein-deer, that they should once during the summer drink the salt water. This, which appears not a little singular, I had no opportunity of witnessing, as it only takes place immediately on the arrival of the herd from the inland parts; but all constantly agreed in saying, that, as soon as the deer arrived in sight of the ocean, they hastened forward with one accord, and drank eagerly of the salt water, though they were never, observed to drink it afterward during the time they remained near it. I was informed also, that this draught was efficacious in destroying the larvæ of the gad-fly, which lays its eggs in the hide of the deer, before they leave the forests, and that instinct prompts them to adopt this remedy."

"The Laplander (he continues) is a wanderer both from nature and necessity. His subsistence depending entirely upon his deer, which are left free and unconstrained, his own movements may be said to be guided by theirs, and by them also his habits of life are in a great measure formed. The number of deer belonging to a herd is from 300 to 500: with these a Laplander can do well, and live in tolerable comfort. He can make in summer a sufficient quantity of cheese for the year's consumption; and during the winter season can afford to kill deer enough to supply him and his family pretty constantly with venison. With 200 deer, a man, if his family be but small, can manage to get on. If he have but 100, his subsistence is very precarious, and he cannot rely entirely upon them for support. Should he have but fifty, he is no longer independent, or able to keep a separate establishment, but generally joins his small herd with that of some richer Laplander, being then considered more in the light of a menial, undertaking the laborious office of attending upon and watching the herd, bringing them home to be milked, and other similar offices, in return for the subsistence afforded him. It happens, however, very frequently, that when, either from sickness or accident, the herd of a Laplander is reduced to this small number, he will give in charge to another what he has remaining, and will repair to the sea-coast; where he will either endeavour to get work from the Norwegian settlers, and in this manner to support himself; or else, which I believe is more frequently the case, he settles himself on the shores of some of the neighbouring flocks of the coast, follows the fishery for his livelihood, and from a mountain is transformed into a coast Laplander. Thus his habits are totally changed, and in time he becomes as expert at the fishery, and as undaunted in braving the dangers of the ocean, as he was before firm in bearing the numerous hardships of his former roving life. Still the charms of the liberty he enjoyed are never obliterated from his mind; he regards the Shore Laplander as an inferior being, inasmuch as he is less free; and his only thoughts are of returning to his mountains. Should he be successful, he is enabled to do so, and, repairing the losses of his herd, again commences his former manner of life. It more generally happens, however, that, having once become a

Shore Laplander, he remains so, being too careless and too thoughtless a being to carry his views beyond the exigencies of the present moment. A Laplander who is the master of a herd of 1000 deer is considered a rich man; though instances are not rare of their possessing 1500, or even 2000."

"The household economy of the Laplander, it may readily be imagined, is extremely simple. His food during the period of his summer wanderings is spare and frugal; he no longer indulges himself in his favourite food, rein-deer venison, which forms the luxury of the winter season. In summer he is intent only upon increasing his herd, and providing against his future wants. He contents himself then generally with milk, and the remains of the curd and whey after making his cheese. In the first he indulges himself sparingly, on account of the very small quantity each deer affords, as well as of the great importance it is to him to secure a good quantity of cheese for his winter stock, and to guard against any disaster that might suddenly befall his herd, and reduce him to want. As his herd is milked during the summer season only, when this is drawing to a close, he generally sets by some milk for the purpose of being frozen: This serves not only for his own individual use during the winter, but is prized so much for its exquisite delicacy in this state, that it forms an article of trade; and the merchants with whom he deals, and who repair then to the interior, gladly purchase it at any price. From the naturally churlish temper of the Mountain Lap, and the value he justly sets upon his milk, it is extremely difficult during summer to prevail upon him to part with even a very small quantity; and whenever I visited the tent, I saw with what reluctance these people offered it. By degrees, however, I ingratiated myself so much into their favour, partly from the circumstance of my being an Englishman, and partly by a few well-timed presents, that for some during their stay near Fuglenes I had the luxury of drinking it in a morning for my breakfast; and I must confess I found it so delicious, that I think the time of any idle epicure would not be ill-bestowed in making a trip to Finmark, were it solely for the pleasure of tasting this exquisite beverage. The flavour of the milk is highly aromatic, which, it is probable, is chiefly owing to the kind of herbage the animal browses upon in summer. In colour and consistency it resembles very rich cream; and its nature is such, that, however gratifying to the taste, it is difficult and even unwholesome to drink more than a small quantity of it. Rich as the quality of the rein-deer milk is, it is singular that the cheese which is made from it is extremely bad, being hard, white in colour, of a disagreeable taste, and eatable only by a Laplander. I am ignorant of the cause of it, though inclined to think it arises more from its peculiar nature, than from any defect in the making. This is effected simply by placing the milk in a large iron pot over the fire, which, with the addition of rennet, made from the stomach of the deer, quickly turns it. The curd is then pressed, and the whey being separated from it, is put into small shallow moulds. The general size of the cheese is that of a small plate, and it is little more than half an inch in thickness. Possibly its being made so thin may have an effect upon the goodness of it, as, when cut, the hard rind composes the larger portion. Bad as it is, it is highly prized by the Laplanders, who eat it both raw and toasted: in the latter state it appears at the tables of the

merchants, and is rather more palatable. Notwithstanding its previous hard and dry appearance, when applied to the fire a rich pure oil distils from it, which is found extremely serviceable in removing the effects arising from being frost-bitten; for, being rubbed on the frozen part, it prevents mortification from ensuing. This is used when the common remedy of snow-rubbing has been neglected. I was induced, from curiosity, to bring with me to England several rein-deer cheeses; some of which were, until lately, in my possession. I did not find that age at all improved their flavour; not having in any degree softened them, or produced any other effect than creating a singular quantity of mites, which accumulate again almost immediately after the former have been removed."

For the truth of this we will vouch; for we remember trying some of this cheese which was brought to us from Lapland, and more abominable acrid villanous stuff was never submitted to mortal taste. The Laplander can hardly be prevailed upon to sell his deer; but Capt. B. succeeded in purchasing one from a native named Mathisen, who, he relates, "brought it down himself to Fuglenes to kill; an operation which the Laplanders will never allow a stranger to perform, and which he executed in the following singular manner. Having fettered the animal, and thrown it upon the ground, he plunged his knife into it exactly between the fore legs, and left it there, sticking up to the hilt. The animal was then loosed; but, instead of life being extinct, after a little struggle it got upon its legs and walked a short distance, the knife still remaining in the wound. In this manner it continued for some time, appearing to be little affected, and the Laplanders were preparing to repeat the cruel operation, when the deer suddenly dropped, and immediately expired. This barbarous method of slaughtering their deer is general among the Laplanders of Finmark, and I have even seen the poor animal, after the knife was struck into it, appear so little conscious of the blow, as to begin feeding, and to survive several minutes before its effects proved fatal. The reason for leaving the knife in the wound is that the blood may be preserved, which would gush forth if the knife were taken out. When the animal is opened, the blood is found coagulated, and is carefully preserved by the Laplanders, who consider it a great delicacy."

Many of our readers will remember the Laplanders whom Mr. Bullock imported with his rein-deer, and who were exhibited for some time in Piccadilly, and elsewhere. This couple were in 1823 on the Roraa Mountains, endeavouring to raise a herd of deer; so that they had wasted much of the wealth which they acquired in this country—where they also acquired great licentiousness. Capt. B. further informs, that out of near 200 deer brought by Mr. Bullock, only twelve thrive, and are now near Dublin. Those taken to Scotland, died; yet he is of opinion, that if the experiment were fairly tried, these fine animals might be naturalised in this country. The rein-deer, however, increases in bulk and power as it approaches the extreme North; and is a far finer animal in Spitzbergen than in Finmark. Its speed is great; and after mentioning instances of one deer going 180 miles at the rate of eight miles an hour, Capt. B. says—

"In consequence of the Norwegians making a sudden and unexpected intrusion into the Swedish territories, an officer was despatched with a sledge and rein-deer to Stockholm, to convey the intelligence; which he did with

such speed, that he performed 124 Swedish miles (about 800 English) in 48 hours: but his faithful animal dropped down lifeless on the Riddarhustorget, just after his arrival in the capital. The bearer of the news, as it is said, was in consequence ennobled, and assumed the name of Rehnstjerna (Rein-deer Star)."

Our countryman's own journey across the mountains into Sweden affords many curious details of the travelling, or rather tumbling, in sledges drawn by these rapid coursers; but, in preference to extracting any of these, we shall copy a passage from which a useful lesson may perhaps be gathered by some of our friends in the northern parts of Scotland, where the want of fodder for cattle is at present so heavily felt. Capt. B. says—

"Though the weight of the cattle at Hammerfest is not quite so considerable as that of our prize oxen, their character has, I think, been rather unfairly disparaged, and their size diminished rather too much. The English farmer will, doubtless, feel not a little astonished, and may, perhaps, consider the assertion as part of the privilege travellers are said to enjoy, when he is told, that the whole of the cattle in Finmark are, *mirabile dictu*, fed upon fish. I already fancy to myself seeing his mouth open, and hearing him expressing his pity, that a poor beast should be born to exist in such a country, and on such a diet. His surprise at the same time will not be lessened, when he hears, that the animals not only devour this kind of food with the greatest eagerness, but thrive and do well upon it. What will our great cattle-feeders say to this? or how would they look, if they were told, that by the extension of our fisheries, a beast might, perhaps, be fattened in a shorter time, and more economically, upon cod-fish, than by the old-fashioned means of oil-cake? or that, instead of manuring the ground with sprats, they might be introduced as an advantageous substitute for turnips for our sheep in winter? These considerations are left to the attention of our great agriculturists. It is easy to conceive, that, as settlers gradually extended themselves into Finmark, the rearing of cattle, as far as the means of the country allowed, would be an object of great importance, their comfort and subsistence depending on it. The rocks afford just enough to keep the cattle during the summer; but there is no possibility of getting sufficient grass to last as fodder throughout the winter. Necessity in this case teaches them to have recourse to other means of supporting their domestic animals in the latter season; and as the only thing that exists in abundance is fish, this is given as a substitute for hay. The same kind of winter sustenance is had recourse to, not merely in Finmark, but in other parts of Norway; and, singular as it must appear, horse-dung, when it can be procured, is also boiled up with the fish bones, and greedily eaten. During the summer, every one who keeps any stock of cattle collects as much coarse fodder as possible for winter, and this in like manner is given to them, mixed up with the kind of food I have mentioned. It was thus a curious sight to see the preparations for the supper of Mr. Buck's cows and sheep; and still more curious to witness their partaking of it. About five o'clock in the evening, a large iron pot was regularly placed on the kitchen fire, partly filled with water, into which was immersed a large quantity of fishes' heads and bones, with the addition of some hay; and this was to boil gently for some time, till a kind of fish-soup was prepared. The daily

food of the family being also composed chiefly of fish, the bones and remains of these were carefully saved, and added to the mess. The pot was then taken to the cow-house by the maid-servant who had performed the office of cook, and its contents were placed before the animals, by being poured into their mangers. I was much surprised to observe the extreme relish and greediness with which they devoured this, both sheep and cows appearing equally fond of it. It might be supposed, that an unpleasant flavour would be imparted by this kind of diet either to the flesh or milk of the cows. This, however, was by no means the case. On the contrary, the milk, which I was in the habit of drinking every morning for breakfast, was of a remarkably rich quality and good taste; and I could not help thinking it quite equal to that of our own country. Both the beef and mutton at Hammerfest, too, were very good; though I do not mean to compare them with our English meat. When any seaweed can be collected, which is seldom the case at Hammerfest, that is boiled up also with the fish, and is in like manner relished. In fact, almost every domestic animal of the country is kept throughout the winter on this kind of food."

The account of the Skielöbere or Skating regiment in Norway, with its discipline and evolutions, is very curious; there are also two good prints of the subject. But we can afford no further space for this review, and must now take our leave of the volume, with merely mentioning, that the author believes the *Aurora Borealis* sometimes, but rarely, to emit a rushing sound; that he distinguishes between the Laps and the Fins;* and that altogether his work is full of information respecting our northern brethren.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The System; a Tale of the West Indies. By Charlotte Elizabeth. 12mo. pp. 233. London, 1827. Westley and Davis.

THE endeavours of a powerful body of persons, called Saints in the Senate, and by other names elsewhere, to bring planters and proprietors of slaves in the West Indies into odium, assume a variety of shapes—speeches, sermons, petitions, meetings, pamphlets, reports, and even novels. The above is of the class: it tells a frightful story of guilt and cruelty, and out of the evil tries to draw a religious conclusion hostile to the System which it describes as peculiar to the colonies.

Nouvel Essai, &c.; New Essay on Light and Colours.—Essai, &c.; Essay on the Theory of Audition, and New Views on the Composition of the Atmosphere.—Etude, &c.; Studies in Universal Physiology. Three Pamphlets, 8vo. By J. N. Deal. Paris, 1827. Firmin Didot.

Jon exclaimed, "O that mine enemy had written a book!" Mr. Deal has given his enemies this advantage three-fold. That Sir Isaac Newton's system is erroneous, there can be little doubt; for Messieurs Sir R. Phillips, Thelotier, Azais, and Deal, all affirm it, and we will subscribe to it too the moment these four erudites agree amongst themselves as to what is a true system. Mr. Deal complains sadly, with his three predecessors, of the stiff-neckedness of the generation that persists in shutting both eyes and ears against his new doctrines. We have, in the course of the last thirty years, read some thousands of volumes, ancient and modern; and our reading has served to con-

* The Fins have poetry and music—the Laps, neither.

vince us, that every one of those who railed at other systems have always failed in establishing their own. In order to deal fairly by Mr. Deal, we have perused and reperused his opuscula; and we confess, to our shame, that instead of converting us, he has rooted our prejudices more strongly in favour of the received doctrines: but the candour with which Mr. Deal exposes his system, evidently proves that it is the *rève d'un homme de bien*.

England's Historical Diary, &c. By a Student of Christ's Hospital. 12mo. pp. 451. Cowie and Co.

THIS useful class-book and diary of historical events may be distinguished from similar publications by a handsome frontispiece of the fine New Hall of Christ's Hospital. It is divided into dates or rather days, and under each are ranged the memorabilia which have occurred in it—as for example, in every 10th of May or 20th of October. This is not a convenient form; but a general index corrects its imperfections; and the circumstances themselves are clearly and fairly stated.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 3, 1827.

If Sir Walter Scott's ambition be not gratified, it must be insatiable; for he is every thing, excepting "said or sung in churches." His works have been translated into nearly all the European languages; and operas, melodramas, and even tragedies, have been made from his various productions. *La Dame Blanche*, an opera which has had so great a run in Paris, is taken from him; and M. Mely Janin has just brought out a successful tragedy under the title of *Louis XI.*, from Quentin Durward. Gosselin's elegant edition of his novels in seventy-two volumes, with plates, maps, and notes, has had a success which even the publisher was far from anticipating; and Messrs. Galgani have in the press an edition of all his novels, printed in the manner of Byron and Moore, with double columns, compressed into five octavo vols.; by which means the public will possess the whole of the Waverley novels for five pounds. His *Life of Napoleon* is expected with the greatest anxiety; and we understand the impression of the French edition is far advanced.

A new theatre is opened at Paris, under the title of *Théâtre de la Nouveauté*. It is small and elegant; but the director has not been happy in the choice either of his pieces or his performers. If he does not direct his own theatre better than he did that of the *Vaudeville*, it will certainly be mis-directed.

A dreadful accident has happened at Lyons, by the bursting of the boiler of a steam-engine on board of a new steam-boat: twenty-one lives have been lost, and a dozen persons have been severely wounded. Mr. Steel, who made the engine, is amongst the number of the killed. It is said, that a law will be passed immediately, forbidding any vessel to sail with high-pressure engines.

The first astronomer of the age, the Marquis de la Place, died on Monday morning; and the Count Stanislas Girardin, member of the Chamber of Deputies and the *Emilius* of Rousseau, died a few days since.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A meeting of the members of this Society was held at their house in Bruton Street, on Wednesday the 7th inst., Lord Auckland, Vice-President, in the chair;

when the Marquis of Lansdown was unanimously elected President, and the Rev. Dr. Raffles a Member of the Council of the Society, in the place of the late lamented Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles. It was announced from the chair, that the Museum of the Society, consisting of extensive and well-arranged collections in every branch of Zoology, is now open to the inspection of the members and their friends. The Society's Establishment in the Regent's Park was also stated to be in considerable forwardness; and the Gardens, laid out in promenades, shrubberies, &c. with aviaries, sheds, and enclosures for some of the more interesting animals, ponds for fish, and wild fowl, &c. &c., are expected to be opened early in the ensuing summer. Much attraction is anticipated to the inhabitants and visitors of the metropolis from both these Establishments.

MEDICAL ESSAYS.—NO. III.

— "First the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."
Shakespeare.

In the conclusion of the former Essay, I endeavoured to demonstrate the danger which attends every attempt to rear an infant by any other means than the breast milk. But, nevertheless, it must be admitted, that narrow means and many other causes concur, and always will occur, to render it necessary to hazard the experiment of dry nursing; and, when such is unfortunately the case, it is of importance to know what description of food is best adapted for early infancy. In selecting food for a young infant, we should choose those substances which readily unite with water, so as to form a fluid diet, light, nutritious, and unfermentable. Perhaps nothing is so suitable as barley-gruel, mixed with a small portion of Cow's milk; or thin Arrow-root mucilage, or grit gruel, thinned with milk, and slightly sweetened. Every description of bread food is injurious to very young children: it is too thick, even in the most pultaceous state to which it can be reduced, and, being very susceptible of fermentation, it readily becomes sour in the stomach, and disorders the bowels of the child. Whatever kind of food is preferred, it should be given through the feeding bottle, and the orifice of the bottle should be guarded by a sponge enclosed in a piece of perforated wash-leather; so that the child shall obtain the food by suction, and only that portion of it which is fluid enough to pass through the sponge shall be taken into the stomach. The quantity of the food should be regulated by the size and the strength of the child; but few infants require more than a quarter of a pint at a meal: and as the best kind of artificial food is less nutritive, from being less easily digested, than that which Nature has prepared, the stated periods of feeding should be at shorter intervals than when the infant is suckled. Asses' milk is regarded as an excellent substitute for the breast milk; but I am of opinion that it is more likely to disagree with many children, than the barley-gruel and milk, which, upon the whole, afford the best alternative.*

2. Food of Children after Weaning.—In entering upon this part of our subject, we should first inquire what is the proper time for weaning an infant? Many circumstances concur to prevent any specific period in the age of the child from being fixed upon for this

process.* Nature, however, affords us something like a guide in the protrusion of the teeth; for it is reasonable, to suppose that the stomach must be prepared to digest solid food, when the instruments for masticating it are furnished to the mouth. When an infant is in health, therefore, it may be weaned as soon as the cutting teeth are protruded in both jaws; but still the food should be of a soluble quality, and continue to be so until the grinders are present. The food best adapted for a child, for some time after it is weaned, is that of a pultaceous kind, combined with Cow's milk, and, once a day, with other light animal juices, such as beef-tea or chicken-tea, perfectly freed from fat. The common practice of giving puddings to children is, in some respects, objectionable, on account of the probability that the eggs with which they are made are not always new-laid; and, in general, also, the quantity of sugar which such combinations contain, disposes them to ferment and become aced in the stomach; particularly if they be made with flour, or, as the term is, are batter-puddings, the least wholesome which can be given to an infant. When the grinders are protruded, a portion of solid animal food should be given every other day for some time, and afterwards once a day; and well-boiled vegetables may, now, also form a part of the child's mid-day meal. The animal food should be confined to poultry or mutton; all other kinds of animal food are improper; and nothing is so injurious to children as fat, or highly-seasoned, or salted meats. Convulsions frequently occur among the children of the lower classes, from eating bacon and other strong and oily animal food; and in Iceland, more than two-thirds of the children which are born are destroyed by ginkloffe (lock-jaw), owing to their food consisting chiefly of Puffins and Fulmars without any vegetable matter.† But, besides the quality of the food, great caution is requisite in regulating the quantity. Mothers are too fond of seeing their children fat. "O! what a fine fat fellow!" is a compliment which wins every mother's heart; and, consequently, every effort is made to deserve it. I cannot, however, avoid looking upon all corpulent children with anxiety: as long as they continue in health their plump and rounded figures are agreeable and flattering to the pride of a mother's eye; but when disease makes its attack, the gross and highly excitable state of the infant body affords fuel to the flame of disease, and, consequently, leads to a fatal issue; while, on the contrary, the more slender child, if moderately strong, struggles through disease, because the malady itself wants the aliment which furnishes its powers of destruction.

"Flumina perpetuo torrens solet acris ire,
Sed tamen hic brevis est, illa perennis aqua."
Ovid.

As children advance in age, and acquire all their teeth, and become capable of taking active exercise, less caution in diet is requisite; and the stomach should be accustomed to the stimulus of every description of plain food. Too much care in diet is as detrimental to health as improper food; for the stomach may be brought by custom to secrete a juice capable of dissolving one kind of aliment only, so that nutriment of every other nature necessarily becomes indi-

gestible. Thus Spallanzani, an Italian philosopher, gradually brought the stomach of a sheep to accommodate itself to animal food, and that of a raven to receive and retain vegetable matter.

Such are the rules which, in my opinion, ought to regulate the feeding of children. Although apparently trivial, they are of great importance, since much of every man's comfort, whatever be his station, must depend on the healthy state of his family. For, true it is, that "to be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution."*

Exercise proper for Young Children.—Exercise is almost as necessary for the preservation of the infant as food; but great judgment is required in apportioning the quantity, in determining the kind of exercise, and in fixing the periods at which it should be taken.

Although the circulation of the blood in every animal is carried on by the vital principle, and it would be continued while the animal lives, independent of any movement of the parts of the body, or locomotion of the whole body; yet, experience has demonstrated, that muscular motion aids greatly the circulation, consequently promotes secretion and assimilation, and is, in fact, essential for maintaining health. In very young animals, however, and especially in those of the human race, the motion communicated to the body must be of the gentlest kind, continued for a few minutes only, and repeated at proper intervals. During the first month, indeed, of the life of an infant, nature requires that the greater part of every twenty-four hours be spent in sleep, and in replenishing the stomach; and consequently any movement which is given to the child should be effected when it awakes, a short time before it is suckled; for at this time the stomach is empty, and its function is at rest. Nurses, however, generally adopt the opposite plan. After taking the infant from the breast, instead of laying it softly down, and leaving it at rest until the stomach perform its office on the nutriment with which it has just been replenished, they set it up nearly erect, pat it on the back to expel the wind, and jog it on the knee, until the poor little creature becomes sick, and ejects nearly the whole of the meal which has been imparted to it. In consequence of this mismanagement, the infant again craves for the breast; but as there is as yet no fresh supply, it whines and cries, and continues to do so, either until it be satisfied with some artificial food, or be lulled asleep by the influence of the cradle or of the swing-cot, or by rolling it on the knee of the nurse. Nothing is so adverse to the nature of digestion as this plan. The digestive process never proceeds regularly unless the animal be at rest; and this state should be preserved, if possible, until the whole of the food be converted into chyme, and be pushed forward into the intestines. It has been proved by experiment, that, if two dogs be fed in the same manner, on the same kind of food, and one of them has been permitted to sleep, whilst the other has been hunted; upon dissection, the food in the stomach of the dog which has been asleep, is found to have been completely, or nearly wholly digested; but that in the stomach of the dog which was hunted is scarcely changed from the state in which it was swallowed. But could no other circumstance be adduced to prove that this is an improper period of exercising the infant in the month,

* Rambler.

* It is a curious fact, that the Asses' milk sold in London, where the asses are fed upon hay, seldom agrees with infants; while that of asses fed upon a common, as seldom disagrees.

* "The Syrian women suckle their children two years; and some instances are recorded by Russell, in which the former child was suckled at the same breast with the new-born infant."—*Nat. Hist. of Aleppo*, vol. I. p. 304.
† In Africa, children are often suckled for three years."—*Park's Travels*, 4to. p. 265.

† See Sir J. Mackenzie's *Travels*, 4to. Appendix, p. 413.

the necessity of using a cradle or a swing-cot, or of rolling the infant on the knee of the nurse to lull it asleep, would be reason sufficient. The sleep procured by these methods is unnatural, and necessarily unwholesome. Whether it be the result of a partial pressure on the brain, from the blood being determined to that organ; or whether, as when the head of a chicken is placed under its wing, and the animal subjected to a rotatory movement, it empties the vessels of the head, by communicating a centrifugal motion to the fluids, and thereby causing a deficiency of the excitement which the brain requires, I shall not stop to inquire: it is sufficient to know, that a child always sleeps more soundly when it is not accustomed to be rocked. An infant in good health, properly fed and managed well, will fall asleep the moment he is laid in bed, and will continue to sleep more serenely, and for a longer period, than if he have been rocked; therefore, even on the score of saving trouble to the nurse, cradles, swing-cots, and similar contrivances, ought to be rejected from every nursery.

As the infant advances in age, it reposes less, and needs more exercise; but still, if it be in good health, it generally sleeps immediately after taking the breast. While it is awake, however, it requires to be in constant motion; and declares, by the springs which it takes when the nurse ceases to dandle it, and the sounds of mirthful satisfaction that it utters whilst it is dandled, the gratification which movement affords to it: thence it is of great importance that a nurse be strong, active, and cheerful. When the mother cannot afford the means to procure the assistance of a hired nurse, and is too weak to do justice to her infant in this respect, friction with the hand along the spine, and over the limbs, three or four times a day, is the best substitute for exercise. Many nurses, both in carrying and in dandling infants, hold them on the bend of the arm, instead of placing them, as they should always do, upon the palm of the hand. This method of carrying and dandling an infant on the bend of the arm is less irksome to the nurse; but nothing can be more injurious to female infants; for, as their bones are in a soft and yielding state, it compresses the hips, contracting, and often occasioning deformity of that part of the trunk of the body, which, from its being a bony basin, is named the pelvis, and entailing much suffering and misery on the future woman, in the event of her becoming a mother. Poverty, as I have already remarked, often forces mothers to do many things connected with the rearing of their offspring which are injurious to health. A mother who is much engaged, and forced to work, ties her infant into a chair, where it is forced to sit for hours; and being thus deprived of the exercise requisite in infancy, it grows up rickety and diseased, if it live to attain to adult age. This is to be lamented, rather than blamed; but among the higher ranks also, children are made to suffer the irksomeness of sitting still—either to satisfy the indolence of the nursery-maid, or in conformity with the wishes of some mothers, who imagine that they ought to instil habits of what they term propriety and gentility, even in the infancy of the future woman of fashion. But I shall have occasion to notice this folly at length, in my next essay, on the physical education of infants.

It is also of importance to prevent nurses from tossing children too high whilst exercising them. The uneasy sensation which it induces is rendered obvious by the action of the infant, who

clings to the arms of the nurse, and expresses terror both in its countenance and by its cries. Fits have been sometimes produced by tossing infants too high; and the rapidity, also, in descending through the air, when a child is thrown very high, excites a tendency of blood to the head, which may be productive of very serious consequences.

When a child has attained to the age of eight or nine months, he has generally acquired such vigour of limb as enables him to move himself in the recumbent posture; but few nurses are fond of permitting infants to crawl, and rather seek to place them early upon their feet. Great caution, however, is necessary in attempting to anticipate nature in this operation; either the limbs become crooked, from bearing too early the weight of the body, or, what is worse, by premature exertion, and exhaustion of strength, in maintaining the erect position, diseases are contracted which adhere to the individual throughout life. An infant, even when only a few months old, should frequently be laid upon a soft carpet, or a mattress: at first, the freedom of stretching and exercising the limbs and arms, in kicking and sprawling, delights the child; then, by degrees, the power of rolling over and changing position is acquired; essays in crawling are next made; and gradually, as he acquires strength of limb, the infant raises himself by the foot of a chair, or some other upright body, and becomes conscious of the power of maintaining a perpendicular position. Still, however, the child does not walk; but pauses, and first, by repeated trials, ensures the power of balancing himself; takes a step, and timidly retracts it; until, day by day, gaining confidence, and feeling at length sufficiently strong, he makes the effort; and at once acquires the power of walking, which he ever afterwards retains. An infant, on the contrary, who is early made to step, whilst supported by the nurse under the arms, or upheld by back-strings, or by a go-cart, is actually much longer in acquiring the power of walking alone; for, as he leans forwards upon the prop, whatever it may be, the muscles of the back and of the loins, which are the chief means of supporting the body in an erect position, remain unexercised; and when, at length, the effort to walk without the prop is made, these muscles do not contract with sufficient power to overcome the habit of contracting which is familiar to their antagonist muscles, and the child either totters or falls on his face.

As soon as an infant is capable of running alone, he should be allowed to take as much exercise as he pleases; and as there is a "restless activity incident to youth, which makes it delight to be in motion," a child ought not to be urged to exceed his inclination, which in this respect is a tolerably certain indication of his power. Neither should a child be taken out for the purpose of what is generally understood by the term "a walk," unless the parents can confide in the judgment of the nurse, not to permit him to walk far on a stretch; or if the parents be in that rank of life which obliges them to be the personal attendants of their children, they should never permit a child under three years of age to walk until he complains of fatigue, and desires to be carried. In certain predispositions of the habit, rickets, scrofula, and mesenteric affections, are the consequence of over fatigue at this period of life. I have more than once witnessed disease brought on in apparently stout, vigorous infants, by long walks: the stomach loses its digestive power; the crude, undigested

food brings on diarrhoea; the limbs become emaciated, the belly large and tense, and the whole features shrunk, owing to the obstruction of the mesenteric glands; and the child dies with hectic fever—the victim of ignorance, idleness, and bad management. Yet, children can take more exercise, in a given space of time, than can be supported by many adults; but it is accompanied with repeated rests, at short intervals; and perhaps the healthful state of children who have a play-ground, or other limited space for exercising themselves, may be altogether attributed to this method of proceeding. A child starts off, and runs with all the velocity in his power; but the effort is one of short continuance: he sits down or lies down, until he feel refreshed; then starts again, and repeats his exertions; but in such alternate exercise and rest, he never over exerts his powers. In winter, a spare or empty room is preferable to a play-ground, for young children; for no error is more productive of disease, than that of endeavouring to render children hardy, by exposing them, in winter, to the alternations of heat and cold, and the severities of the weather out of doors. Pure air is undoubtedly requisite for children; but in towns, and particularly in the metropolis, health is better preserved by keeping infants at home than in sending them abroad, provided means be adopted for amusing their minds and exercising their limbs. This maxim, however, is not meant to apply to children who are old enough to keep themselves warm with exercise; but, when these are taken abroad in cold weather, they should be urged to run, so as to return home in a glow, instead of requiring the aid of a fire as soon as they enter the house.

It is melancholy to observe the efforts of some parents to make their children prodigies of premature intellectual attainments, whilst their health is neglected. Sedentary occupations were never intended by Nature for the infant state; and it is extraordinary that the fatal results of the unfortunate experiments which have been made to rear such prodigies, do not deter parents from sacrificing their offspring to the attempt. Health is undoubtedly the first object to be attained; and civilised man, with all his pride of learning and refinement, would do well to imitate the savage portion of his species in this respect; to leave his progeny unrestrained in childhood to the free exercise of their limbs and the acquirement of health. When the foundation of a powerful and vigorous state of body has been laid in infancy, the culture of the mind may be afterwards pursued without dread of interruption; and it requires no prophetic spirit to prognosticate, that without such a foundation, that most enviable of all the states of which humanity is susceptible, "*mens sana in corpore sano*,"—a sound mind in a healthy body—can never be possessed!

During the month of February, the inclemency of the weather brought with it an unusual number of inflammatory diseases, such as coughs, catarrhs, pleurisy, and acute rheumatism. Parents should be very careful not to send out young children in such weather as that of the end of February; and those adults whom business or pleasure lead from home, should be aware, that more risk is incurred by entering a hot room from a cold atmosphere, than from exchanging a heated temperature for the cold air.

3d March, 1827.

T.

NEW PATENTS:—CHAIRS, &c.

THE ingenuity with which some of the mechanical arts most nearly connected with the conveniences and comforts of life are improved, often attracts our attention and claims our admiration. And among the individuals who have distinguished themselves in this way, we have not met with any one so persevering and successful as the person of whose new inventions and patents we now propose to give a short account. Mr. Pratt is already well known as the patentee of solid leather trunks, of a means to secure luggage on carriages, and several other very useful things; but his later works, in our opinion, go far beyond these in skill and utility. We shall first speak of a library chair, from whose soft and elastic embrace we dedicate these lines to its praise. This is certainly the *beau idéal* of ease and luxury; and with what material does the reader suppose it is stuffed? Is it of iron! iron wire!! This, complicated and twisted into spiral forms, like baked horsehair, composes the seat, the arms, the back, of Mr. Pratt's verily Easy Chair. Down itself could not be more gentle, nor caustic more springy. For the invalid it is invaluable; yielding to pressure, yet never settling into solidity or lumpiness; and having another rare advantage, that of not heating the body reposed on it. For sofas and beds the same material may be advantageously employed; and from what several eminent medical friends have stated to us, we have no hesitation in saying, that for health as well as pleasantness, this invention is superior to any hitherto applied in the same way. One laughs, indeed, at first, at the idea of sitting or lying on iron furniture; but a very short trial soon convinces us that there is much of real enjoyment in this novel substitute for wool, hair, or feathers. Its application reminds us of a story of Lord * * *, who, building near a great slate quarry, found his architect employing slate for chimneys, for floors, for shelves, for a hundred purposes. "Why, what the d—l do you intend to do with slate next?" cried his lordship to the artist. "Make bed-curtains, my lord," was the answer. And so with iron; we should not be surprised to see it made into bed-curtains, or even into artificial noses when needed.

But Mr. Pratt's next invention is still more important. It is a mechanical apparatus forming a ship couch or chair, the object of which is to prevent (and it must in a great measure prevent) that distressing malady sea-sickness. The frame is disposed something like the compass; but the contrivance is so perfect, that the chair or couch swings and yields to resistance in every direction, so as completely to neutralise the effect of a ship's motion! The interior of the cushion or seat is farther constructed on a novel method to counteract the plunging motion of the vessel—that is to say, it resembles the delightful and elastic articles which we have just been describing—chairs which always retain the same shape, and beds that never require making!!! We are sorry that we cannot, in words, give a perfect idea of the very curious spiral screw by which Mr. Pratt has achieved the universally accommodating action of the ship chair (a matter heretofore deemed impossible in mechanics); but at his repositories in Bond Street and Regent Street, we have no doubt but those who are induced to inquire more particularly, in consequence of this notice, may have their curiosity gratified.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, March 9th.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelors in Divinity.—R. G. S. Browne, St. John's College; R. F. Blake, Caius College.

Masters of Arts.—W. Butt, Downing College; Rev. R. S. Robson, Cath. Hall.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—W. Jackman, J. Philipps, Trinity Hall.

Bachelor of Arts.—H. H. Franklin, Corpus Christi College.

OXFORD, March 10th.—The Proctors elect for the ensuing year, are, the Rev. C. T. Longley, M. A., Student of Christ Church; and the Rev. A. Edwards, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College.

Thursday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. Bliton, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; Rev. E. Griffith, Rev. H. Jones, Exeter College; Rev. T. Byrth, Magdalen Hall; Rev. C. Tucker, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—M. R. Southwell, Grand Compounder; T. D. Hudson, Exeter College.

THE LITERARY FUND.

ON Wednesday the general annual meeting was held at the Society's Rooms, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair. The officers, committees, &c. for the ensuing year were elected as follow:—President, the Duke of Somerset; vice-presidents, Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Radnor, Earl Spencer, Earl of Mountmorris, Viscounts Torrington, Dudley and Ward, Lords Brandon, De Dunstanville, Carrington, John Russell, the Right Hon. G. Canning, Sir W. Clayton, Sir R. Peel, Sir B. Hobhouse, Owen Williams, Savills Onley, John Symmons, Alderman Ansley, W. T. Fitzgerald, and T. Snodgrass, Esqrs.: the first and last being elected in the room of the late Marquis of Hastings and Earl of Chichester; the others re-elected. The council received three additions from the general committee, in the room of two members deceased, and one resigned; and six new names were added to the general committee. The Rev. Mr. Croly was elected one of the registrars, in the place of the late Dr. Symmons.

A provisional committee, consisting of the three registrars, and Messrs. Blanshard, Britton, and Jerdan, were appointed to make arrangements for the ensuing anniversary in May, for which some distinguished persons have already consented to become stewards. It is anticipated, that besides the high statesmen and nobility thus enlisted in the cause, a number of the eminent literary characters of the day will be present; and that this beneficial charity will reap a rich harvest on the occasion, to be afterwards dispensed in relieving distressed authors, their widows, and orphans. Sure we are, that if one tenth part of the good done by this Institution were known, (which delicacy and feeling prevent,) its funds would be made tenfold greater by the unsolicited bounty of the charitable and humane.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages.

Part XXIV. Harding, Lepard, and Co.

THIS Part concludes the sixth volume of one certainly of the most sterling works of its kind which has issued from the press, whether we consider its historical merits or its beauties of art. When we see a few old-fashioned prints producing several hundred pounds at a sale, we are taught what is the value now, and may be the future worth, of a publication like the

present. In the Part before us are the portraits of Queen Mary of England, W. Howard Lord Stafford, Thomas Stanley first Earl of Derby, Sir John More, and the Regent Murray, severally from Holbein, engraved by T. A. Dean,—from Vandyke by T. Wright,—from Holbein by W. Holl,—from the same by E. Scriven,—and from . . . in Holyrood House, by H. Robinson. The dress in the first of these engravings is executed with extraordinary skill, and has a very striking appearance; the others do credit to the talents employed upon them. Mr. Lodge's biographical sketches are, as usual, luminous though concise, well-written and impartial.

OLD MASTERS.

OUR attention has been called to a fine collection of old pictures, which come to the hammer next week at Peckham; they have been, it seems, a century in the family of their late owner. We have not been able to inspect them ourselves, but a friend and good judge speaks very highly of an interior of a church, by De Witt; two excellent pieces by Jordaens, several Poelemborgs, a charming Wynants, and capital specimens of Carracci, Moia, Garatolo, and others not unworthy even of the National Gallery.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TWINS OF LAMERTON.

'Twas pleasant to behold them, side by side,
Sunk in soft slumber, with their arms enlaced
Around each other's ivory neck,—a smile
Playing upon the angel cheek, as swam
Delicious fancies through the brain—*young joys*
Renew'd in golden dreams; while now and then

The snow-white coverlid, by Love's dear hand
Spread o'er them carefully, was flung aside
By a fair graceful foot, disclosing half
The form of a young Hercules. *How sweet,*
How beautiful in rest, the seraph pair
To all who mark'd them thus! but oh, to her—
The mother that bent over them—how full
Of Heav'n the raptur'd gaze! And then the morn,

When, sleep's light visions flown, upon her ear
Broke their first welcome voices, and her lip
Reve'll'd on theirs, insatiate! The earth,
Through all her millions, such another twain
Possess'd not—one in feature, and unknown
Apart, but that affection on the arm
Of the dear younger playfully entwined
An azure chaplet. Nor alone in form;
In stature, lineaments, wore they the same
Perplexing, undistinguishable semblance,—*one*
In soul they lived; a sympathy divine
Mix'd in their wondrous being, and they loved,
Disliked, fear'd, hated, languish'd, as at once
A common spirit sway'd. E'en distance had
(*'Tis said*) no power to part them, for they felt—
Aunder and remote—the self same mood—
Felt mutual hopes, joys, fears,—and ever held
Invisible communion!

Thus they grew

To their strange manhood; for they rose to man

Unchanged in mien, and oft perplexing still
The charm'd beholder,—*travelling o'er the glances*
Parental: thus they grew, and intly moved
By the mysterious feeling which had sway'd
Their infancy. Twin roses were they, nursed
"From bud to beauty" by the summer gale
And summer sun! Alas, that fate should bright

Those flowers—the ornament, delight, love,
hope,

Of their fair native bower!

But fiercely swept
The unexpected gale! The storm of life
Burst loud and terribly, as calmly flew
The love-winged moments of the sacred band*
Of brethren, and of sisters who look'd on
And, wond'ring, gazed to ecstasy. Their home
Was as a quiet nest, embosom'd deep
In woods of some soft valley, where the hand
Of plunderer comes not, and the sudden gale
But lillom shrieks, and silence sweetly spreads
O'er all her downy wing.

Loud blew the blast
Of war, and shook the nations. France un-
roll'd

Her lillied flag, and England in the breeze
Waved her dread lion banner. Then the cot,
The palace, sent its children forth, to fall
By thousands, at Ambition's startling voice,
And man his brother man infuriate met
In the death-grapple,—shedding off his blood
Unmark'd in battle fields, that but to few
Give e'en the dear-bought recompense to live
In stories of the future!

From the arms
Of sweet affection—from the dear caress—
The agonising and enduring clasp
Of home's beloved circle—forth they came
The inseparable brethren, soon to prove
Far other scenes than in the rural shade
Had bless'd their rare existence. Soon amid
The shock of combat, side by side they stood,
That matchless pair—the beautiful, the brave—
Winning all hearts: and, as the two of old—
“Lovely and pleasant in their lives”—they
were

“In death not separated,” for they met
(So it should be) one common fate, and sank
Together to a soldier's grave.

N. T. CARRINGTON.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

SIGNORA GIACINTA TOSO, the new Italian singer, who is to appear for the first time to night at this house, and who made so remarkable an essay at the Countess St. Antonio's on *Sunday* last, was born at Turin about nineteen years ago. Her musical education has been conducted at the Conservatorio at Milan, under

* “Nicholas and Andrew Tremain were twins, and younger sons of Thomas Tremain, of Culcumbie, in this county, Esq.: they were so like in all their lineaments, so equal in stature, so coloured in hair, and of such resemblance in face and gesture, that they could not be known the one from the other, not by their parents, brethren, or sisters, but privately by some secret mark, or openly by wearing some several-coloured riband, or the like, which in sport they would sometimes change, to make trial of their friends' judgments, which often occasioned many mischievous mistakes. Yet somewhat more strange it was, that they agreed in mind and affection as much as in body: for what one loved, the other desired; so, on the contrary, the loathing of the one was the dislike of the other. Yes, such a confederation of inviolable power and sympathy was in their natures, that if Nicholas was sick and grieved, Andrew felt the like pain, though they were far distant and remote in their persons; and this without any intelligence given unto either party. And what is farther observable, if Andrew was merry, Nicholas was so affected, although in different places, which long they could not endure to be, for they even desired to eat, drink, sleep, and wake together; yes, so they lived and so they died. In the year 1664, they both served in the wars at Newhaven, in France (now better known by the name of Havre de Grace), where in this they something differed (though it being in that which was without them, was not much to them), that the one was the captain of a troop of horse, the other a private soldier, but still with the same sympathy of affection. Being both, to the last degree, brave, they put themselves into posts of the greatest hazard. At length, one of them was slain, and the other instantly stepped into his place, and there, in the midst of danger, no persuasions being able to remove him, he was also slain. . . . But we have no occasion to borrow an epithet for them, when in the parish church of Lamerton is a noble memorial erected, not only to these two brothers, but to several others of them, whose images also are there lively represented.”—*Worthies of Devon*.

† Eight sons and eight daughters, of whom six were twins.

the superintendence of Banderali, one of the most eminent teachers in Italy. The fame of Toso, or rather the promise of her fame, had extended itself widely when the agent of the King's Theatre arrived at Milan, and it was only by outbidding the offers made from the Italian Opera at Lisbon, and at Madrid and Barcelona, that she was secured for this country.

We have been more than usually particular in our account of this young *débutante*, because we believe that a great deal will be said about her before our next publication; and because, as our readers know, we are always anxious not to be behind hand with our contemporaries in our announcement of novelties connected with matters of taste, any more than in that of questions of weightier interest. The expectations excited, in the upper circles, by the specimen which this young lady gave of her talent at the Countess of St. Antonio's party, induced us to go on Thursday to a full rehearsal of the Opera to be performed this evening; and we think the appearance of Signora Toso will be accounted the most striking *début* of which our Italian Opera has had to boast since the second arrival in this country of Madame Pasta. Toso's voice and style are of the finest kind; her voice is a rich, clear, and strong soprano,—so strong that it fills every part of the theatre, without in the least losing its sweetness; and her style is like that of Madame Colbran in her best days,—lofty, impassioned, and sentimental.

And here may we—critics as we are, and sour, as some people call us—confess that we have been not a little fascinated by the personal graces of the young Italian. We “own the soft impeachment,” as Mrs. Malaprop says, and acknowledge that the *silent harmony* of the singer's beauty has been as pleasant to us as even her vocal accomplishments. Signora Toso is tall, and of a fine order of symmetry; her complexion, indeed, is dark, and not clear; but then the shape of her face is perfect, and her eyes are black and flashing. She possesses, in short, all the piquancy and animation of Southern beauties, if she is deficient in the softer attractions of colour and fine skin which belong to our countrywomen.

The particular character of her singing forbids her appearing in the opera buffa; yet, as smiles are more becoming to a young female countenance than frowns, we cannot suppress our hope, that the *débutante* may, by and by, complete the triumph of her beauty, in some light, gay, and playful character.

If we mistake not, the part of Fatima, in “Pietro l'Eremita,” formerly filled by Ronzi de Begnis, is now to be inefficiently represented by Madame Biagioli. Why does not Caradori perform this part? We trust, for the sake of that delightful singer, that no feeling of jealousy is at work here.

DRURY LANE.

On Saturday, a new farce was produced at this theatre, called *Comfortable Lodgings*, or *Paris in 1750*. It is from the rapid pen of Mr. Peake; but although abounding with whimsical situations, and displaying great variety of character, it met with rather an unkind reception from the audience. The principal person in this little drama is *Sir Hippington Miff*, a knight and alderman, but who has quitted his residence in *Crooked Lane*, to wander over the Continent, on account of a dangerous attachment formed between himself and the wife of a dry salter, his opposite neighbour. *Sir Hipp*, in addition to the lover's melancholy, which he

has imbibed, is hypochondriacal, fearful, and suspicious. He has also a great dislike to French manners and French cookery; and upon these characteristics, and the adventures he meets with at his *Comfortable Lodgings*, the chief humour of the farce depends. There is likewise a servant of the name of *Rigmarole*, a lively, facetious, lying sort of valet; a *Captain Bonassus*, an old half-pay officer, and a veteran soldier, his attendant, who deals in monosyllables—a lover—a rogue—and a minister of police, all of whom contribute more or less to the alarm and disquietude of *Sir Hippington Miff*. The farce was, throughout, admirably acted, and we have no doubt that after two or three performances, it will be much better relished than on its first representation. The author, it must be acknowledged, is by far the best farce writer of the present day; witness his *Duel*, his *Jonathan in England*, and his *Before Breakfast*; but it is utterly impossible for any man to write with uniform success who occupies so little time in the illustration of his characters. The farce now before us, and *The Hundred Pound Note*, will never receive half the applause, or enjoy half the reputation to which they are entitled, because sufficient pains had not been bestowed upon the dialogue. If Mr. Peake will write two farces in the year instead of half-a-dozen, he will find it infinitely better both for his credit and advantage. It is a pity to see so much ingenuity of plot, and so many clever, if not original delineations of character neglected or thrown aside, that with a trifle more of care and consideration might have obtained and kept possession of the stage for many years. Let him turn over a new leaf, and revise what he writes. We cannot bear to see so much talent so lavishly and unprofitably employed.

On Monday, a gentleman made his *début* at this theatre, and, according to the bills, his first appearance upon any stage, in the character of *Othello*. Whether it was for the decision of a wager, or that the gentleman's friends were anxious to have a pleasant joke played off upon him in public, or that the gentleman himself had laid the flattering unction to his soul that he really had any qualifications for the stage, we cannot determine; but so it was, that a more absurd or ludicrous personation of the “noble Moor” has never been exhibited. A short figure; a lisping articulation; extravagant action, and a hop, step, and jump, instead of a walk, were the peculiar requisites which the new performer on this occasion displayed; the consequence of which was, the audience soon began to titter, and in the progress of the tragedy his most impassioned scenes were accompanied by shouts of laughter. Wallack, who acted *Iago*, must have been hard put to it to keep his countenance in the way he did. It must have been a trying business for all the performers. Miss Brothers played *Desdemona* very respectably. It is decidedly a much better performance than her *Mrs. Haller*; and Mrs. West, who succeeded to *Emilia*, was a very fair representative of the “ancient's” wife. The house was but thinly attended.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Tuesday a three act comedy, under the title of *The Wife's Stratagem*; or, *more Frightened than Hurt*, was performed for the first time, and very favourably received. *The Gamesters*, from which this play is taken, was originally written by Shirley, the last of that long line of writers for the stage, which commencing with Peele and Marlowe, and extending through Shakspere, Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford,

shed a dramatic lustre upon the reigns of Elizabeth and James, which has never yet been, and most probably never will be, equalled in this or any other nation of the world. In the course of time the comedy fell into the hands of Charles Johnson, a man who, accustomed to pilfer unmercifully from his predecessors, left out some useless characters in the original; and after altering the names of the *dramatis personæ*, and touching up the dialogue a little, published it as *The Wife's Relief, or the Husband's Cure*; and in a dedication, wherein his own great labour is spoken of with becoming modesty, and without even mentioning Shirley's name, it was presented in due form as the offspring of his own genius, to a minister of state. It now lingered on for a few years more, until Garrick seeing the merit of particular scenes, restored the comedy to its first title, and the characters to their first names; and omitting much of what Johnson had inserted, once more brought it on the stage. His own performance of *Wilding* is said to have been highly effective; and the play thus altered, was acted at intervals till within about the last thirty years: its last performance having been for the benefit of an actor now living, but who has many years ago retired from his professional employments. To a person reading even Garrick's play, it must be obvious, that the leading incidents in these days of refinement, would have insured its instant condemnation. Mr. Poole, therefore, the author of the new version, has had rather a difficult task to perform, inasmuch as the object has been to retain the interest, and at the same time divest it of the coarseness which accompanied and was almost interwoven with it. That he has effected this desirable purpose, we think no one can deny. There is nothing now in the progress of the piece to alarm the most delicate mind, or offend the most sensitive ear; and yet the dilemmas and the difficulties of *Wilding* are as complete, and scarcely less effective than before. In all respects, likewise, the comedy is excellently acted. Jones and Warde, in the two *Gamsters*, elevate the parts of *Volatile and Wilding*, by their gentlemanlike appearance and deportment,—and are, indeed, all that we could wish. Farren is, as usual, completely at home in *Old Barnacle*, although the humour of it is rather obsolete; and Keeley's performance of the blustering *Nephew*, is one of the best things he has ever done. But if we are thus tempted to praise the male performers, much more is it our duty to speak well of the ladies. Madame Vestris, in *Arabella*, displayed a playfulness and good-humoured raillery which were in the true spirit of genuine comic acting. We have never before heard her speak so distinctly, nor has she ever acted so steadily, as in this pleasing though rather dangerous character. She has, besides, a very pretty song, which was rapturously encored. Mrs. Chatterly, in the neglected wife, is also entitled to our highest commendation: by great good taste and sound judgment she raised a rather inferior character into one of first-rate importance. The general propriety of her demeanour, the elegance of her personal appearance, and the delicate tone of her remonstrances in the earlier portion of the comedy, were most charming; whilst the assumed pleasantry but real affliction of her latter scenes, were no less cleverly hit off: her *Mrs. Wilding* is, in fact, a most finished piece of acting. We have only to add, that the dialogue of the new scenes, which is by Mr. Poole, is written with neatness and great spirit, and that the whole was received with unmingled satisfaction.

ORATORIOS.—The Oratorios at Covent Garden are very fine this season. On Wednesday Miss Paton and Braham were in glorious voice; and a Miss Andrews made a promising debut.

VARIETIES.

Accuracy in advertising.—In an advertisement in the *Times* last week of a "sale this day," it was stated that the articles might "be viewed to-morrow;" and as if to keep this mode of timing matters in countenance, the last number of the *Quarterly Review* is advertised on Tuesday the 13th "Will be published yesterday, 12th of March."

Dr. Lyall, whose work on Russia will be the more valued the more information we have from that country, has we are glad to see it mentioned in the newspapers, been appointed to a situation at the court of Radamah, king of Madagascar. Here the talents of the resident will find ample scope for their exercise in investigating the natural history of the country, as well as in investigating such other matters as attract a literary and inquiring mind.

Duke of York's Plate.—One of the most attractive sights of the season has been the view of the plate belonging to his late R. H., and which is about to be disposed of by Mr. Christie. The superb collection was admirably arranged in that gentleman's great room; and crowds of rank and fashion flocked to the spectacle during the three days it was open to invitation cards. It was not possible to examine the articles very accurately in the midst of the pressure; but many of them appeared to possess extraordinary beauty as works of art. Some of Mr. Lewis's modern designs struck us particularly; and the ensemble was certainly one of the most gorgeous that could be produced.

New Surgical Instrument.—M. Delau, jun. lately presented to the French Academy an instrument, by which he states that he can, according to circumstances, either produce in the internal ear currents of air, calculated in a great many cases to remove deafness, or occasion in the interior of that cavity a vacuum, which in other cases is not less useful. The same instrument enables him to pump water, gas, or smoke into the ear; as also to introduce currents of air into the lungs, and currents of water into the bladder, or stomach. It may likewise be used promptly to extract from the stomach all liquids of a deleterious nature.

Cephalo-Spinal Liquid.—M. Majendie, in describing some experiments which he has been making on the spine with the moxas (applications of heat), characterises the cephalo-spinal liquid as one of the most important humours of the body, and as indispensable to the free exercise of the functions of the brain. The ventricles of the spine are constantly full of this liquid. These cavities may contain two ounces of it, without any injurious effect upon the intellectual faculties; but if the quantity should be greater, M. Majendie conceives that a derangement and paralysis of action, and a greater or less diminution of intelligence, must take place.—M. Majendie is engaged in further researches with respect to this important liquid.

John Dunn Hunter.—It is now asserted more confidently than ever in the American journals, that this individual was an impostor. The *National (U.S.) Gazette* has a long article upon a quotation which it previously made from our *Literary Gazette* of Sept. 30th, (see page 617 last year's volume), where we printed, as a clue in this matter, a letter of Hunter's, in which he gave a list of his Indian names.

These names are stated to be inventions, and not existing in the language of any of the Indian tribes, such as Osage, Kickapoo, Kansas, &c.; and we fear the proof is conclusive against John Dunn Hunter and his strange story. It is further said that Hunter was a deserter from an American regiment on the Indian frontier. If this be sooth, which we see no reason to doubt, we are glad that our publication of this nomenclature has led to the complete detection of a very bold swindler, whose success in gulling John Bull was remarkable and complete.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

At the head of this branch of our Journal we have again to remind Correspondents, that it does not include advertisements, but gives literary news; and that many communications are, instead of being inserted, burnt, on account of not being properly authenticated.

Announced as nearly ready, a work under the title of *Aburdities*, in Prose and Verse, with humorous Designs.

Mr. Gilchrist, of Newington Green, is preparing for the press a work to be entitled *Unitarianism Abandoned*; or, Reasons assigned for ceasing to be connected with that description of Religious Professors who designate themselves Unitarians.

The Castle of Villeroi; or, the Bandit Chief, by Anne of Kent, Authoress of "The Rose of Clermont," &c. &c., is announced.

In the press, in two vols. 8vo., *The Lives of the Bishops of Winchester*, from the first Bishop down to the present Time; by the Rev. Stephen Hyde Cassan, A.M., Author of "The Lives of the Bishops of Salisbury." The work will contain a verbatim reprint of an exceedingly scarce volume, known as "Gale's History of Winchester," though chiefly written by Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

H. de la Beche, Esq., has in the press a Tabular, and Proportional View of the Superior, Supermedial, and Medial (Tertiary and Secondary) Rocks; to contain a List of the Rocks composing each Formation, a proportional Section of each, its general Characters, Organic Remains, and Characteristic Fossils,—on one large sheet.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 8	From 34. to 40.	28.78 to 29.04
Friday . . . 9	— 36. — 42.	29.37 — 29.42
Saturday . . . 10	— 36. — 45.	29.60 — 29.73
Sunday . . . 11	— 39. — 47.	29.40 — 29.47
Monday . . . 12	— 43. — 47.	29.50 — 29.77
Tuesday . . . 13	— 43. — 47.	29.70 — 29.80
Wednesday 14	— 43. — 51.	29.86 — 29.80

Prevailing wind S.W. Except the 9th and 10th generally cloudy and raining.

Rain fallen .5 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude 51° 37' 33" N.

Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We know nothing of the Magazine nor of the parties referred to by a Constant Reader.

If Thomas Callard, who dates Proll Court (post mark Neath), be a genuine signature, we would advise the ally blockhead to keep his scribbles to himself.

We are obliged to postpone the conclusion of the review of *Living and Dead*; and several other articles;—but we trust the novelty of Crockford-House (not to be published till next week), and the value of our Medical Essay, will be received as ample atonement.

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